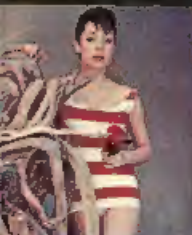


Exposed: Swinging Sex In Women's Prisons

CDC
16+

A GARNET PUBLICATION



MAN'S COMBAT

DECEMBER

What The Kids Are Studying In College
This Year-- **S-E-X!**

The Nazis Turned
Them Into Prostitutes
And Paid
Plenty For It!

**I WAS THE LOVE
SLAVE OF THE GEISHA!**

The Japanese Geisha Girls
Almost Killed Him With Affection!



**The Hippies Raped Him And Then They
Told Him How Much It Was Going To Cost!**

Yes, no matter what shape you're in now,—skinny or fat or muscular—in a few short weeks you can look into the mirror and see the amazing change.

4 inches more of chest muscle, 3 inches more of arm muscle, a He-Man Body to be Proud of. Strength, Endurance, Pride, Virility. Take advantage of this free—No Obligation Offer. You owe it to yourself, to your friends, to your family, to your girl, to your future not to pass up this wonderful opportunity. Just fill out and mail the coupon below. By return mail I will rush back to you—free—without any obligation complete information.

How To Gain Up To 50 lbs. Of Mighty Muscles!

How to LOSE up to 50 lbs. of UGLY DANGEROUS FAT YOURS FREE A \$5 VALUE! World-Famous PICTURE-PACKED ABC COURSES WITH ELEVEN TEST EXERCISES SHOWING:

- 1 How to Develop 16 to 18½ INCH BIG ARMS Powerful enough to land a knock-out blow fast.
- 2 How to build a 45 to 52 INCH HEROIC CHEST Housing TIRELESS LUNGS FOR ENDURANCE in Work, Sports, for ATTRACTING GIRLS.
- 3 How to Mold a BROAD MUSCLE-PACKED Back and WONDER-WIDE SUPER-MAN SHOULDERS Tapering to a SLIM PUNCH-PROOF WAIST.
- 4 How to Develop LEGS with MARATHON ENDURANCE.

How to become a FEARLESS SELF-DEFENSE FIGHTER OVER-POWERING ANY BULLY TWICE YOUR SIZE!



This AMAZING NEW BOOK in colors YOURS FREE if you mail COUPON NOW

Jam-full with 120 PHOTOS OF STRONG MEN and CHAMPIONS once WEAKER than you. Scores of How-to-do-it Pictures show you how YOU can quickly and easily achieve STRENGTH, SPEED and ENDURANCE. Don't let this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity get away from you. Mail the coupon for all eleven world-famous picture-packed ABC test lessons—and amazing FREE Photo Book of Famous Strong Men. Do it NOW!

new body just like thousands of others who have taken advantage of this offer.

I GAINED 60 LBS. of Shapely MIGHTY MUSCLES

BEFORE



Before Mailing coupon I was a 125 lb. 6 Ft. skinny weakling, says John Sill I added 7 inches to my CHEST, 3½ INCHES TO EACH ARM, No, Pal, you don't have to be a chicken-chested skinny weakling like I was only a few weeks ago.

"I LOST 30 LBS. OF dangerous UGLY FAT"

4 inches off my WAIST says Felipe Mendez



"Look at me NOW! I have MIGHTY MUSCLES, added 7 inches to my CHEST, 3 inches on each arm!" NO! I don't care how fat and flabby you are. All I want is minutes a day in your home to make you over by the same method.

AMERICAN BODY BUILDING CLUB

35 WILBUR STREET, LYNNBROOK, N.Y.

Dept. 415AB59

Mail me FREE all 11 WORLD FAMOUS STRENGTH TEST COURSES including PHOTO BOOK of FAMOUS STRONG MEN once weaklings. How to Become one of them.

I enclose Twenty-Five Cents for mailing and handling. I am under no obligation. I'm checking everything I need to give me the kind of body I want.

- ☐ Let me know how to get FREE \$100 worth of Sports Self-defense, Strong-man, Stunt, Courses, Apparatus.
- I want to gain..... lbs. (fill in). Triple my strength.....
- I want to streamline my body, get rid of flabby fat.....
- I want to add inches of muscle to my..... arms..... chest.....
-shoulders..... powerful legs..... slim Waist.....
- I want to become a winning athlete..... I want new pep.

Name..... Age.....

(Do not mail coupon if under 14 years of age)

Address.....

City..... State..... Zip.....



MORE MONEY-A BETTER JOB-OR YOUR OWN BUSINESS

Trained men have better jobs. Money making businesses are owned by trained men. Now you can get good, professional training in your spare time at home.

Read the answers to these questions. They are those often asked of us.



HOW DO I START?

Mail the coupon. Learn by listening to recordings, working with professional equipment making repairs, studying illustrated how-to lessons.

HOW MUCH DOES IT COST?

You pay as you go along. Some students earn more than the total cost—while training. Select your own terms.

HOW LONG DO I HAVE TO STUDY?

You study at your own rate of speed. In a few months time you should be adding to your income. Yet, you can, if you wish to take up to 3 years to complete your training.

WILL ATS FIND ME A BETTER JOB?

We make no promises but thousands of students have reported better jobs, earning spare time money.

WHAT OPPORTUNITIES WILL I HAVE?

Wherever there is electricity being used you have work opportunities. In construction work, in factories, in appliance servicing skilled, qualified men are urgently needed.

MAKE MONEY AT HOME WITH YOUR OWN PROFESSIONAL TESTING EQUIPMENT



17 PROFESSIONAL KITS INCLUDED - EARN AS YOU LEARN

ADVANCE TRAINING IS complete training — and you learn by doing—making repairs, rewiring, winding motors, etc.

ADVANCE TRADES SCHOOL Dept. E-474
5944 N. Newark Ave., Chicago 60631



I want to earn more money. Send me big
FREE book "Your Opportunity in Electricity."

Name

Address

City

State Zip

FREE 5x7 PORTRAIT ENLARGEMENT



with order for
30 WALLET PHOTOS \$1
An Amazing Offer

Wallet photos and portrait enlargements beautifully printed on quality professional paper (glossy finish) copied from any size favorite photo or negative. Uses. Yours now in this special offer. Just rub photo (or neg) against with name, address and \$1.15 plus 25¢ for post. & handling—total \$1.25 (10).
HK PHOTO SERVICE, Dept. 448
662 Brooklyn Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11203

20 COURSE HOME STUDY PROGRAM

KARATE JIU JITSU

JUDO, BOXING, SAVATE, Isometric Muscle Building, Endurance, Stunts, etc.



Here is what you get!

- 20 best KARATE Blows and Chops
- SAVATE French foot fighting
- Nerve center anatomy chart
- JUDO throws, Jiu Jitsu holds
- Isometric muscle building course
- Endurance Exercises and lots more

FREE Karate Practice Dummy and Nerve Center Chart

Registration guaranteed or money back. Send just \$1.00 plus 25¢ for postage and handling or
GUARANTEED DISTRIBUTORS DEPT. 4150359
LYNBOOK, N.Y. 11563

FLATTEN THAT BELLY

Support
Tired Aching
Back

LOOK ATHLETIC
AND TRIM IN
COMFORTABLE
CROTCHLESS

WONDER SLIM

FEATURES

- Takes inches off waist
- Raises abdomen and keeps it in
- Gives vital back support
- Exclusive "No Crotch" design
- Gives your clothes that custom-made look
- Straightens sagging stomach muscles

ONLY
\$4.98

Just slip on your "Wonder Slim". Instantly Wonder Slim adjusts to your contours. Like invisible hands, it pulls in your stomach, straightens your back, raises your sagging chest. It stays put—no uncomfortable crotch to bind and chafe you. Now you can walk with youthful, springy posture. Look and feel with confidence and trim as Wonder Slim combats fatigue. Try it at our risk. Only \$4.98. Waist sizes 30 to 44. Sent in plain wrapper. Ten Day Free Trial. Money Back Guarantee. State waist size in inches. Enclose \$4.98 and save postage or order C.O.D. and pay postman \$4.98 plus small postal charges. N.Y. State residents add 10¢ sales tax.

S. J. Wegman, Dept. 415 WB37, Lynbrook, N.Y. 11563

MAN'S COMBAT

Exotic Adventures For Men!

Exclusive Exposés

SEX ORGIES ON CAMPUS

They don't give some kids degrees in what they're studying every night!

Shawn Fredericks/20

WOMEN'S PRISONS

The chicks behind the bars quickly learn how to make out without men!

Leonard Shaw/30

Man's Combat

THE NAZIS DIED SMILING!

The Huns turned them into high priced prostitutes but the girls made them pay too much in the end!

Marc Boulayne/16

I WAS THE LOVE SLAVE OF THE GEISHA!

They whipped him, tortured him, and almost loved him to death!

Lt. G.E. Lavelle USN/34

Strange Sensations

MURPH THE SURF, THE GOLDEN BOY OF CRIME

They convicted him of murder and sentenced him to life in prison - will he beat this rap too?

Daniel Davison/25

THE BOUDOIR BATTLE OF WASHINGTON, D.C.

The Russian thought she was smitten with his charms - but she was after the secrets in his briefcase!

Joe Page/10

THE HIPPIES RAPED ME - AND THEN MADE ME FRY!

They didn't have as much trouble talking him into it as they expected!

Name Withheld/41

Action In The News

A BLONDE AND TWO BRUNETTES

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HOT FLASHES FROM MEN

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/8

CHARMIN' CHERYL

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/13

DIANE, THE DUMPL'D DARLING

.....

/22

GORGEOUS GAIL

.....

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Monitor

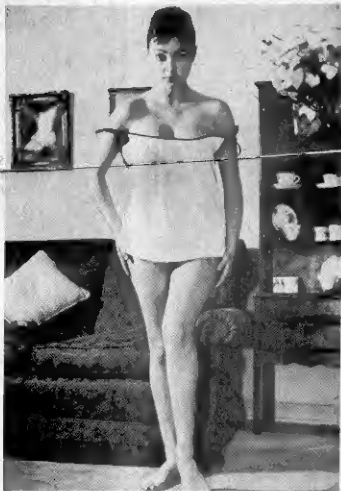
SIZZLING SIRENS

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/28

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A BLONDE AND TWO BRUNETTES



The soft, glowing loveliness of Diane O'Brien has made this charming model one of the most popular beauties around! Photographers say she never takes a 'bad' picture . . . she's terrific from any angle and against any background. Outdoors, she's an outdoor-sy girl. . . . put her in something frilly in a boudoir and Diane is the essence of femininity! Now, brunette Gall Stevens is definitely the CUDDLY type. Admittedly, Gall would look great outdoors, maybe, but the photographer said he just wanted to stay around the studio and chat the day Gall came to get her pitcher took! There's more of Gall further on, fellas, so be patient! Last and never least is Charmin' Cheryl Kubert. . . . a dark-haired damsel who melted the legs off the camera when she smiled and said "cheese!"

ANOTHER
JOE WEIDER
SPECIAL!

SHAPE-UP! MUSCLE-UP! SHOP

BUILD MUSCLES. GAIN WEIGHT. LOSE WEIGHT. EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO



MUSCLE UP & MAKE OUT!

PUT MUSCLE

IN YOUR MUSCLES WITH ONE TWIST!

Quickly add up to 2" on your arms, 4" on your chest. Build ripping back muscles. Thick, broad shoulders. The power to lift girls over your head with one arm! One twist of the "007" TWISTER and every muscle in your body ripples with new vigor and power. Builds strong muscles FAST!—muscles that make you an action-packed guy and a super-charged tiger with the girl! Easy-to-use. No adjustments. No assembly. Use it right out of the box for instant muscle-building fun! Made of chromed-steel tubing, the TWISTER is tough...durable...like you'll be! Guaranteed to muscle you up or your money back. ORDER NOW! Only \$9.99 postpaid.

GARANTEE: If after using the TWISTER 3 days you're not convinced you can quickly twist it for cobra-like muscles in your arms...more muscles on your chest...broader shoulders...wider back...a he-man grip and dynamic power—then return it after 5 days for a full refund. Fair? So order the "007" TWISTER Now, while the limited supply lasts! This unusual offer may not be repeated again this year.



FREE!

Complete, illustrated "007" POWER TWISTER Manual. Also, illustrated conditioning course, dealing with the new aerobics training that muscularizes your body with athletic vigor, speed and agility. Written by Joe Weider, Trainer of Champions. Yours FREE with your TWISTER. ORDER NOW!

EXTRA BONUS GIFT: 3 copies of Muscle Builder magazine, worth \$1.80...yours FREE

PRICED AT ONLY

\$9.98

WITH COURSE

2 This "Killer Karate Krusher" gives you pulverizing hand power!

Just 5 minutes a day for 30 days builds your hands into granite-hard battering-rams of power! Simply fit your fingers into the leather grippers, and with your very first squeeze, you'll instantly start building invincible new power into every tendon and ligament of your hands and fingers!



MAYBE YOU DON'T WANT TO BREAK A BRICK IN TWO WITH YOUR BARE FISTS OR RIP A PHONE BOOK IN HALF—BUT WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF YOU COULD?

Here's a brand new way...a fantastically successful system that turns your hands into fearsome, devastating arsenals of power! Based on centuries-old secrets of Japanese Killer Gufa and a Space Age hand-building principle, my **KILLER KARATE KRUSHER** can make you into a two-fisted tank of power...able to take care of yourself...anytime...anywhere...in all situations! You'll never again fear any man or turn away from any challenge. ORDER IT TODAY! Only \$9.99 postpaid.

MY GUARANTEE TO YOU: You'll own fearsome, ferocious, crippling arsenals of hand power—and become a "Terror-Fighter," able to take care of yourself in every situation—in 30 DAYS—or your money back!

GREAT FOR SPORTS. TOO! FEAR NO MAN!



FREE



My "Killer Karate" Course... "The Deadly Art of Hand Fighting." Shows dozens of ways to disarm and counter-attack any man, whatever his size! Yours FREE if you order the **KILLER KARATE KRUSHER** Now!

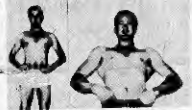
PRICED AT ONLY

\$9.98

KARATE KRUSHER & COURSE

3 THE END OF THE SKINNY BODY

Drink on as much as 14 pounds in the next 14 days this delicious FOR way!



BEFORE—James Parker at a thin 130 pounds. **AFTER** 14 days on the Crash-Weight Plan. Jim weighed 175 pounds.

GAINS 14 POUNDS IN 14 DAYS!

HEY YOU SKINNY GUYS! Thousands are doing it every day. WHY NOT YOU? Here's a totally new brand of nutritional "weight" drink that's guaranteed to put an end to your hungry-looking, muscle-poor body...through a new, scientifically-blended milkshake-tasting drink, **Crash-Weight Formula #77**. Plan puts mass on your frame. Flashes out your narrow, shadow chest, skinny arms and spindly legs. Nobody likes a hag of a fellow! With my proven Crash-Weight Plan you just drink 4 milkshake-delicious glasses with your regular meals and take in an extra 3500 calories daily...to help you pile on the weight FAST! (It's the calorie diet count when you want to put on more handsome weight!) The nice thing about my weight-gain plan is that it's so easy to take. No complicated exercises to do. No blinding, heavy-as-lead foods to force into your system. The Formula #77 Plan does all the work...you just sit around, take it easy, be as lazy as you want—and in a few days you'll see measurable weight gains pile up! Check the coupon for the Plan and flavor you want to use to put an end to your skinny body. Guaranteed to see weight on you or your money back.

To add up to 14 pounds in the next 14 days you need:

- 14-day supply of Crash-Weight Formula #77
- 14-day supply of Appetite-Stimulating Tablets, and

FREE

Weight-Gaining Soups. A 40-page illustrated guide crowned with step-by-step instructions in weight-gaining basics. PLUS 3 copies of Mr. America magazine, worth \$1.50...yours FREE!

7-day supply: \$8.00 • 14-day supply: \$14.95 (Your choice of Chocolate or Vanilla Flavor)



PRICED AT ONLY

\$8.00

FOR A WEEK'S SUPPLY & COURSE

HERE FOR MASCULINE VIRILITY!

CREATE A NEW, EXCITING AND FUN-GOING YOU IS SHOWN RIGHT HERE!

4 NEW "SLIM-GARD"

Trims Inches Off Your Middle, Waist, Hips and Lower Back Without Dieting—Without Exercising!



Meet my pupil, Irvin Karsznick, age 46. He has a 48" chest, 30" waist. Weighs 180 pounds. He's won more than 50 trophies for "Most Muscular Waist" in various "Mr. America" contests. Says Irvin: "You wouldn't think that a guy like me could use the SLIM-GARD, but I do. Every day if possible. It keeps my waist and middle trim and muscular! I never lay it. You chubby guys will, too!"

SLIM-GARD is the newest, space age way to tone up and trim down your torso. All you do is wear it and immediately it massages and melts the fat off your waist! There's no dieting... no exercise! Knock 2 to 3 inches off your waist without giving up your favorite foods. It's fantastic! The way it works! SLIM-GARD acts like a waist supporter, too. It hugs your body, keeping warm air in, cold air out and inducing immediate perspiration. Wear it on the golf course, tennis court, at home, or when you jog. SLIM-GARD won't tear at hairs... you won't even know you're wearing it. Stretches to approximately 6". Made from the finest, most resistant neoprene rubber. Easy to slip on and off. Has heavy-duty zipper. SLIM-GARD won't tear, rip, or come apart. Available in Small (22-30 waist); Medium (30-35); Large (35-42). ORDER NOW! Only \$9.98.

FREE!

NEW "AEROBICS/CIRCUIT TRAINING" EXERCISE ROUTINE

Combining a slimming, muscle-strengthening and heart-arteries-long improvement routine to help create a more vigorous you... inside and out!

Follow this enjoyable, easy plan in the privacy of your own room. Slims and strengthens your body in just 15 minutes a day. Stimulates your body to use and distribute your food intake more efficiently—keeps you from gaining weight. Helps you melt off fat where you want it. Reshapes your body to youthful lines. Stimulates your body to use and distribute more oxygen so that your heart, arteries and lungs are strengthened.

See results within 2 weeks! Tested by thousands with outstanding results! This program is guaranteed to improve your well-being, fitness and vigor in just weeks. And most important, it's an easy-to-follow program you can stick-to-for-the-rest-of-your-life!



SLIM-GARD & COURSE ONLY

\$9.95

5 LOSES 35 POUNDS IN A FEW WEEKS!



BEFORE—Gerry Murray was overweight, sick on his weight-loss plan, he was 35 lbs. lighter and happier!

LOSE UP TO 8-POUND-A-DAY... 14 POUNDS IN 14 DAYS Without Losing Strength & Vigor

The Only "Weight Loss" Plan that Really Does Something To Shape You Up... Keep You Vigorous And Athletic-Looking While Losing Weight! Your skin won't collapse or sag or develop the deep and heavy lines and wrinkles that give you an aged appearance. This is the only plan that puts vigor, power, muscles and masculinity into your body while it slims you. You'll look and feel younger while losing weight safely. Weight Loss KEY SHAPE UP PLAN is a revolutionary new protein-enriched weight-loss plan. Unlike other reducing plans that make you lose vigor, health and youthfulness, this remarkable drink provides you with a nutritional

balance of natural organic proteins, vitamins, minerals... along with controlled fats and carbohydrates. Follow the plan, drink nutritious, milkshake-flavored KEY, follow the Cardio-Gram "Cardio-Gram" and the few simple exercises that come with it. You are guaranteed that within 30 days you'll look more vigorous, be more athletic-looking and more youthful than at any other time in your life. THOUSANDS ARE DOING IT DAILY... WHY NOT YOU... WHY NOT NOW... TODAY!

FREE New "Aerobics/Circuit Training" Exercise Routine. Same routine as described in the SLIM-GARD ad.

with emphasis on waist, hips and small of the back reduction. PLUS FREE! 3 copies of Mr. America magazine... worth \$1.60... yours FREE!

12-Day Supply

\$11.98

(Your choice of Vanilla or Chocolate flavor)

6 SPECIAL OFFER:

• 2-week supply of "KEY" with course.
• Plus SLIM-GARD
• and 3 FREE issues of Mr. America.

A \$25 value
Now only

\$17.96

USE THIS SHAPE-UP... MUSCLE-UP COUPON!



JOE WEIDER

Dept. 273-1994
531-32nd Street
Union City, N.J. 07087

Dear Joe:

Thanks for letting me know about your "Shape-Up"... "Muscle-Up" courses and products. Please send me the items checked below, along with my FREE gifts. I understand all your products carry a full money-back guarantee... no "ifs"... "ands"... or "buts."

I enclose check or money order for \$

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

- ☐ "OO" TWISTER, free course & 3 copies of Muscle Builder magazine only... only \$8.95
- ☐ KILLER KARATE BURNER & Free "Killer Karate" course only \$8.95
- ☐ CRASH-WEIGHT FORMULA #7 PLAN with Free course (check one):
☐ 7-Day Supply... only \$ 8.00
☐ 14-Day Supply... only \$14.95
Check flavor desired: ☐ Chocolate ☐ Vanilla
- ☐ SLIM-GARD & Free "Circuit Training" course & 3 copies of Mr. America... only \$9.95
Check waist size: ☐ Small (22-30) ☐ Medium (30-35) ☐ Large (35-42)
- ☐ WEIGHT-LOSS KEY Plan with Free "Shape-Up" course, 2 weeks' supply only... only \$11.95
Check flavor desired: ☐ Chocolate ☐ Vanilla
- ☐ SPECIAL OFFER: 2 weeks of KEY Plan, Free "Shape-Up" course and Slim-Gard, \$25.00 value only \$17.96

HOT FLASHES for men



Those old stories about the sexual habits of the WACs have been given new life — if not truth — in the case of eight WACs charged with homosexual misconduct who recently filed suit in a federal court to change the regulations under which they are being tried by Army "administrative boards." The WACs say the Army has no right to take action which will hurt their reputations and careers without providing them with legal safeguards which ensure fair trials in civilian courts. Under the present system, witnesses are difficult to locate; gossip and hearsay evidence is accepted; the accused cannot subpoena favorable witnesses or cross-examine hostile witnesses; and no one has officially informed them the specific charges against them.

In so doing, the various CDL chapters must first view the objectionable materials, whether the smut is in the form of printed literature, stag films, or whatever. These meetings are often heavily attended and even more often attended by heavy breathing, flushed faces, and a high degree of prurient prudishness. For information, write to Citizens for Decent Literature, 3300 Carew Tower, Cincinnati, O.



When is a bosom a bust? When it's so big as to defy belief, that's when, as an Indonesian woman found out recently. Unearthing a veritable treasure chest, custom officials at Djakarta's Kemayoran airport became suspicious of the woman because of the extraordinary size of her breasts. In fact, she was so top-heavy, she tottered when she walked. The searched her and found sixty-two pounds of gold secreted in her brassiere. They removed the gold, probably to her relief, and held her for smuggling.

If you want your wife wired for sound — or at least for radio transmissions which tell you if her contraceptive intra-

uterine device (IUD) is in place — RCA Labs has come up with a kind of early warning system built into an inter-uterine coil via miniature components. It responds to the waves of a nearby transmitter by resonating and giving off a signal all its own. When is proper position, the coil broadcasts an "all clear" electronically; if it becomes dislodged or mishapen, however, the wireless gives off an electromagnetic SOS. Next step is to have a transmitter-receiver built into the mattress with a loud daxon horn ready to give warning if anything is amiss.

On Saipan in the South Pacific Trust Territories, the Micronesian Congress, fearful of the impending threat of Typhoon Phyllis, passed a resolution banning the storm from the island of Saipan. The Congress warned that if the storm hit, United States Commissioner William Norwood would bear "the full responsibility" for what might happen. Shortly, Typhoon Phyllis made a sharp left turn away from Saipan traveled 240 miles south and east of the Pacific island, where it died out.

(Continued on page 29)



If you have a taste for pornography and haven't been getting enough of the real thing, why not organize a chapter of Citizens for Decent Literature in your neighborhood? The CDL is a highly respectable group which has appointed itself the guardians of public morals vested with the responsibility of protecting all of us from our baser selves.

WIN \$1,000.00 \$2,000.00 \$3,000.00 or more this year by solving our puzzles in your spare time

It costs you nothing to try and if you find you have the knack of solving our contests, you'll join many hundreds of people just like yourself who are busy winning lots of extra cash fast!

Every month, all over America, hundreds of men and women just like you are winning thousands of dollars by solving our puzzles in their spare time... IN THE PRIVACY OF THEIR OWN HOMES.

These are people who love to solve puzzles, but never before got any money for doing it. Now they share in the fun and excitement of our **Puzzle Lovers Club** contests, and they walk away with cash prizes that add up to many thousands of dollars. AND SO CAN YOU.

BEGINNERS WIN BIG

If you've never tried to solve puzzles before, don't worry. Many of our biggest winners never did a puzzle until they accepted our FREE offer and found that they had the ability to solve these fascinating puzzles.

As one big cash prize winner (\$2,998.02 to date and still going strong) put it: "The only way to win is to do the puzzles and turn them in. Many people tell me they are not lucky—they have not won anything in their life. After questioning them, I find that almost all of them did not participate or try—and you can't win unless you got in there and try."

THEIR DREAMS CAME TRUE

Remember, our **Puzzle Lovers Club** winners are people just like yourself who never dreamed they could have the kind of money paid to sports, TV and movie stars. But then their dreams suddenly came true when they entered our contests. Our big winners have used their cash prizes to do all the things they've wanted to, but couldn't afford until they won... pay off the mortgage, take that once-in-a-lifetime vacation, buy a complete new wardrobe, install air conditioning, put a down payment on a new home for retirement years.

Here are just a few of our winners: Over \$1,000.00 in cash to a Maryland fan; \$2,500.00 to a Colorado gentleman; \$1,250.00 cash to a San Diego contestant; more than \$4,000.00 to a Pennsylvania Puzzle Lover.

THRILL OF A LIFETIME

Now would you feel if you just won \$5,000.00? "It's a thrill that comes just once in a lifetime," said Mrs. Carl Mounsey of La Crescenta, California, when she received her cash prize. Men and women of all ages have won tremendous cash awards from our **Puzzle Lovers Club**.

How do they do it? They are members of the world's first puzzle club to hold regularly scheduled competitions and offer cash prizes to winners. Membership in our Club offers you the fun and excitement of puzzle solving, educational information on how to use lan-

guage and words, the opportunity of winning thousands of dollars each month PLUS extra bonus puzzles each year with prizes that go to \$3,000.00 and more. Our **Puzzle Lovers Club** limits competition and awards to members only. Our membership is deliberately kept small, so that your pleasure, excitement and cash prizes are B-I-G.

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO TRY OUR CONTESTS AND SEE HOW MUCH YOU CAN WIN EACH MONTH

Don't send a penny... see if you have the knack to win... right in the privacy of your own home! Send for a FREE copy of our **Puzzle Lovers Newspaper**... AT NO COST TO YOU. Take a look at all the different kinds of fascinating puzzles we cram into it. Then try those that specially appeal to you. You may win more big money than you ever dreamed possible!

AND YOU'LL HAVE DOZENS OF OPPORTUNITIES TO WIN EXTRA CASH IN YOUR SPARE TIME!

There is no obligation to enter any of our contests. If you decide to compete for our money, there's nothing to buy, no jingles to write, no boxtops to send. WHEN YOU WIN, THE MONEY IS IN YOUR HANDS WITHIN ONE WEEK. No other contest group in the world pays you faster than our **Puzzle Lovers Club**. Discover how you, too, may cash in if you are over 18 and in our puzzles in your spare time.

Clip your "ticket" to EXTRA MONEY right now! You may receive your first BIG CASH PRIZE in just a few weeks!

Here are just
3 OF OUR BIG
WINNERS



"I got the 'surprise of my life' when I received the \$500.00 check for winning your 'Fortune Contest,'" said William Entin of Fall River, Mass.



Julia Bright of Chicago lived up to her name when she won \$1,500.00 and asked us, "Is THRILL the word for the elation that one feels in such a case?"



"Oddly enough, I have yet to win a contest by myself, even though my total winnings at the present time are \$2,998.02," said Robert Odline of Aurora, Colorado.

AFFIX THIS COUPON TO POSTCARD FOR FAST HANDLING OR MAIL IN ENVELOPE

PUZZLE LOVERS CLUB

Dept. B-62
Box 2, Prince Street Station
New York City, N.Y. 10012

Gentlemen:

Please send my FREE copy of your newspaper plus all details on your CASH PRIZE CONTESTS. I am under no obligation to pay anything. If I join the Club, I may compete for all prizes and spend the cash I win anyway I want.

Name

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THE BOUDOIR BATTLE OF WASHINGTON D.C.

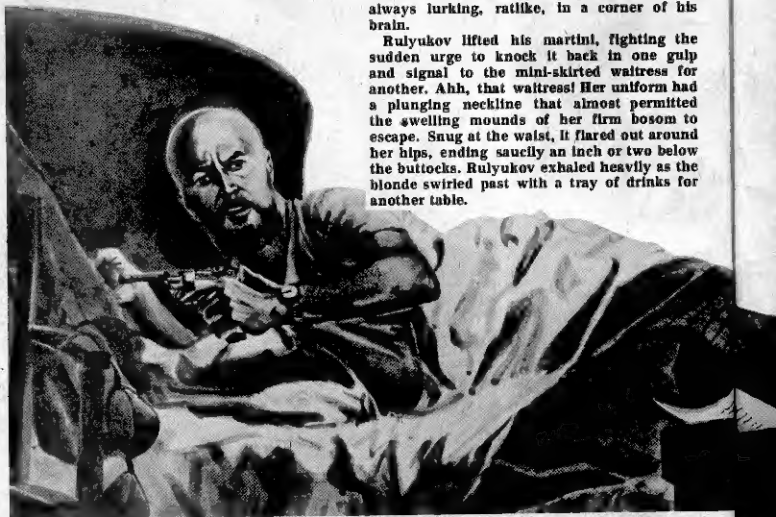
The Assistant to the Chairman of the Light Metals Industries Commission Chairman, Alexei Rulyukov, had had a long and boring day. Now, furtively finding comfort in an extremely non-Communist, Imperialistic martini (very, VERY dry with a twist of lemon), Rulyukov silently denounced Ballnin, the Light Metals Chairman, for loading him with the odious chore he'd have to work at over the weekend.

He touched his briefcase, a reflex action, to be certain it was safely at his side. Ballnin hadn't specifically ordered him to read the Classified Documents at his desk in the sweat-

ering office tucked away in a dank corner of the Russian Trades Building in downtown Washington, but he knew the Russian Security Chief, Lev Zyronski, would institute immediate punitive action against him if he knew these documents had been carried from the office.

The fear was a warm pain in his stomach but fear had been there a long time, ever since he'd been graduated from the Regional Technological Institute at Smolensk. First, he'd been in the Metals Research Laboratories just outside Moscow. The name Lev Zyronski was whispered then, striking fear to everyone. Since then, Alexei Rulyukov had done nothing subversive or blameworthy, yet the fear was always lurking, ratlike, in a corner of his brain.

Rulyukov lifted his martini, fighting the sudden urge to knock it back in one gulp and signal to the mini-skirted waitress for another. Ahh, that waitress! Her uniform had a plunging neckline that almost permitted the swelling mounds of her firm bosom to escape. Snug at the waist, it flared out around her hips, ending saucily an inch or two below the buttocks. Rulyukov exhaled heavily as the blonde swirled past with a tray of drinks for another table.



He got what he
wanted - now she
was doing her thing!



It wasn't that there wasn't as much sex in Russia. In Russia, everyone had intercourse with great frequency. It was just that here in America, they packaged the product so much more attractively.

The statuesque goddess entering the expensive little cocktail lounge now, for instance.

Beautifully made up, expensively dressed, exuding sex but with an arrogant disdain that warned casual passersby away. The Russian technician sighed his frustration. Such as she was not for him. Even if his expense account would permit such an extravagance, Lev Zyronski certainly would not!

The goddess seemed to be looking for someone, no doubt a man, and she looked angry and impatient. Then, the sleek young woman who'd seated him, went up to her and led the goddess toward a table.

The couple seated at the tiny table to Rulyukov's immediate right got up at this moment and the hostess veered toward this empty table and the goddess was seated only a few feet away from the Russian.

He was acutely conscious of everything about her. It had been weeks now since Magda, the thick-legged file clerk at the Embassy, had granted him her favors and now his libido was ragingly aroused. She sat gracefully, crossed her legs (stocking tops and suspender showing now), and tapped a cigarette from a packet. Now, she delved back in her purse, not too obvious about it, seeking a match or cigarette lighter.

This was when Alexei Rulyukov amazed himself. His hand closed on the match book lying by the ash tray on his table and he leaned toward her, tearing one of the paper matches loose.

"Allow me, young lady," Alexei murmured. His hands were steady as he struck the match and held the flame out so that she could get a light.

For the briefest moment, she hesitated, her deep blue eyes meeting his, then they dropped demurely, and she raised the hand holding the cigarette and took the light from his match.

As she exhaled the smoke, Rulyukov felt a knot of tension relax in his stomach. He'd been

very afraid that she'd spurn his offer.

Now, she smiled.

"Thank you," she said in a low, pleasant voice, then turned away. Obviously, as far as she was concerned, the episode was ended.

But today was Rulyukov's day. He emptied his martini and set it down, the movement catching the eye of the long-legged tart who was waiting on his table and she hipwheeled over.

"Another, sir?" she inquired, taking the glass.

The Russian nodded and then inclined his head meaningfully toward the goddess seated so near he could smell the fragrance of her scent. He hoped the waitress would go about the thing tactfully but he hadn't have worried.

She took the goddess' order and hurried away. Rulyukov now looked at her openly, admiring the chiseled perfection of her profile and the tasteful way she was attired. The technician had been taught about such things and he correctly estimated the cost of her simple dark dress and accessories to be not too great but in the best of taste. She seemed unaware of his existence.

Then the waitress was back, setting the goddess' cocktail before her, murmuring a few words to her and nodding in his direction. When the girl gave Rulyukov his second martini, he reached for it and then looked at the goddess, offering a silent toast with his upraised glass.

For a moment, he thought she'd snub him and send the drink back. Without expression she stared at him, then slowly, miraculously, she smiled and raised her glass in return.

"Your very good health!" the Russian murmured. She heard him and her smile widened. She had a lovely dimple in one cheek.

"Thank you," she murmured in return.

He hesitated and might have stopped there if the girl hadn't picked up the purse which had been on the seat at her left and moved it to her right, thus making room. Was it for him?

He slid tentatively toward her and she watched him, accepting this advance.

"It's very pleasant here, don't you think?" he began, cursing him-

self for this unimaginative remark but it was sufficient.

She glanced briefly around, then nodded.

"Very pleasant. One meets interesting people at times."

Rulyukov glowed. She meant him, of course.

"The atmosphere is proper for cocktails and conversation," he replied, covering the last remaining few inches between them imperceptibly, "but for dinner I would prefer a place with a more cosmopolitan menu."

She nodded agreement and there was a silence that made him uneasy.

"I am Alex Rulyukov," he blurted suddenly. "Do you work here in Washington?"

She laughed. "Naturally. I am Marion Ward, a Reports Analyst with the Department of Agriculture. It's a very boring job. The men in my department are either married or latent homosexuals."

The Russian barked a laugh at this, inordinately pleased that she had introduced sex into the conversation at the same time she was downgrading American men and announcing the lack of satisfactory male companionship in her business office.

However, a good chess player, Rulyukov glanced around.

"You came here to meet someone, I think," he said, not asking a question.

She managed a blush and Rulyukov thought it delightful.

"Yes, but he's not coming here tonight. He's married, you see, and he's such a coward about being discovered having an affair that he frequently disappoints me."

Rulyukov gaped at her. Before he left Moscow, he'd been thoroughly briefed on the new decadence in the United States but until now it had been an unreality, he hadn't really believed that there was a new sexual freedom in America.

He forced himself to smile at her.

"How unchivalrous and stupid of your friend," Alexei said. Was it he who moved so that their knees touched beneath the table or did she manage that. "If I had a lady of such great beauty

(Continued on page 58)

CHERYL KUBERT



Yes, Combat veterans, Cheryl Kubert is the delicious dumpling who appeared on the cover this month. Cheryl has studied ballet and interpretive dancing but the nicest thing Cheryl does is just look beautiful any way you look ■ her! No matter what she wears,



she's sensational.. and then when she doesn't wear anything she's even better!
(if shot is used with tree in background, nude from waist up)

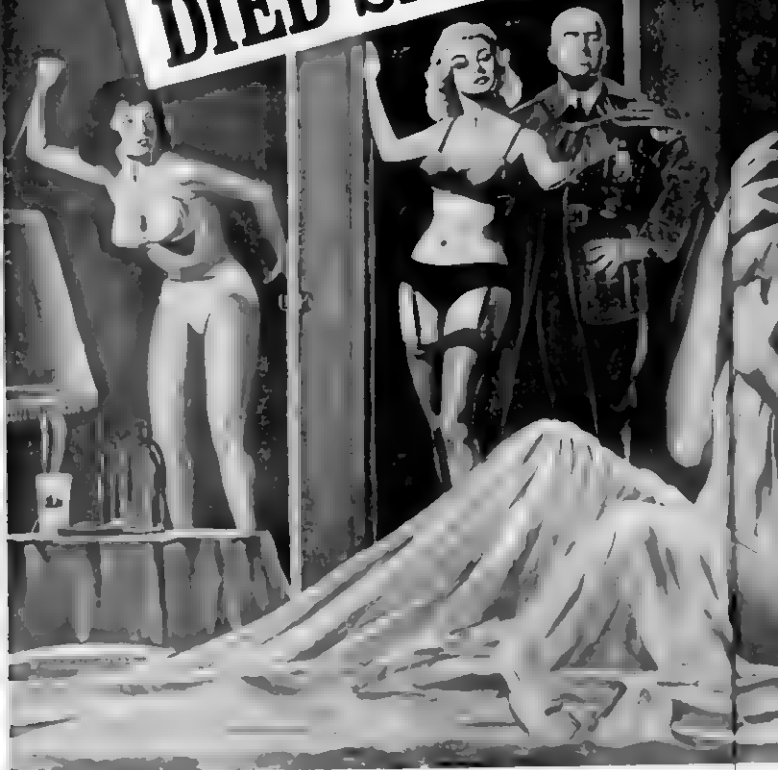
Attention, you horticulturists! That's a Cheryl tree she's standing under! I'll take half a dozen, mister!

You dig that crazy short hair she's wearing? Cheryl says she was dating a boy who had longer hair than she did until she gave him a clipping!





THE NAZIS DIED SMILING



The Nazi Generals Came To This Brothel To Get Turned On - But They Got Turned Off Instead!

On June 14, 1940, the Nazis entered Paris which had been declared a free city by the tottering French government. German boots crashed down Place du Carroussel beneath Napoleon's Arc de Triomphe and the world's loveliest city became a debauched playground for the greater murderers in the history of man!

The Nazis came with vengeance in their hearts. They forced France to surrender in the forest of Compeigne, where in a railway car twenty-two years before, Marshal Ferdinand Foch had dictated the armistice terms to the Germans ending World War I. Now, on June 22, 1940, the Nazis imposed harsh terms of surrender on France.

Then, the Nazi wolves were turned loose upon the helpless people of France.

There are Frenchmen today who will tell you that all Germans were not Nazis and therefore not all were evil. But there were too many Germans brainwashed by Hitler's lieutenants into believing that viciousness and brutality were a way of life. The same creatures who murdered the Jews in concentration camps took hundreds of thousands of French civilians from their homes and families for slave laborers in mines and factories in Germany or their conquered countries.

These same creatures stamped out all freedoms in France. Priests who dared protest the inhuman treatment of their people were imprisoned or executed. In towns where the Nazis encountered the French Resistance, hostages indiscriminately chosen were publicly murdered in the village streets before the horrified eyes of their families and friends.

The women of France were taken by their conquerors. Some girls gave themselves to save their own lives and those around them. Others committed suicide when they saw that they had to choose between death and dishonor.

Submission to the Nazis meant shame to the luckless women who were brutally used by the Nazi Supermen at first but gradually they accepted this as a fact of life under Nazi rule. A husband whose attractive wife was selected by a Nazi officer thought darkly of murder at first but frequently his wife would point out that her own life, his, and possibly the lives of their children might depend on the amorous German's goodwill, so in the end she'd submit willingly. In time, these brave Frenchwomen learned to simulate joy in these encounters, giving the rapists reason to strut about with arrogant pride, convinced their virile performance had turned what began as a command performance into a tour d'amour.

Outside Paris, on the left bank of the Seine near Bercy where it enters Paris, there was a convent for young girls. They lived apart from the world behind their high stone walls and spent their days in religious meditation and study. They knew France was at war with Nazi Germany but they had no idea what war was all about until one day in August, 1940. Sister Angelique heard the bells at the front gate, a gate of thick iron bars that had kept out the world for one hundred and thirty years. Sister Angelique hurried to the gate to turn away whomever it might be.

But these visitors would not be denied. There were sixteen SS troops in two armored personnel carriers commanded by Kapitän Ernst Bacheimer. Bacheimer's mission was to find suitable quarters for a minor general of the Third Reich and the moment he spied the turreted tranquility of the monastery behind the stone walls he knew his search was ended.



"Open the gates, old woman!" Kapitän Bacheimer snarled when the sister told him in flawless German that the public was not permitted to enter here. She repeated her words and died as the last one left her lips. At a nod from his officer, a young Nazi with no mercy in his heart shot her with the very fine Schmeisser machine pistol he carried.

Another brief order and the powerful vehicle backed up a few feet, then smashed through the iron gate. Formidable it had seemed but the hinges were rusty and it fell before the Nazis as all Europe had fallen.

Those sixteen Supermen must have thought they'd found their way into a Nazi version of heaven! There were twenty-three teen-age girls inside the monastery. Also present were nine older women, all sisters of their religious order.

These women protested what was happening.

They died with the protests on their lips.

The Nazis knew they would never willingly let themselves be despoiled as other women sometimes did so they shot them in the halls and corridors of this ancient building which had never heard so much as a voice raised in anger before.

Ere nightfall, the ancient rooms echoed to the terrified screams of young girls who were being savagely raped by their conquerors.

Every girl had been a virgin!

Before sun-up, every girl had been ravaged many times!

Four of them did not see the dawn. A Bavarian corporal, a giant of a man, selected as his victim a thirteen year old novice and she died from his kind of love. A very beautiful and very saintly girl took her own life with the *Luger* of Kapitän Ernst Bacheimer. *But she killed the Nazi with it first.*

The other two locked themselves in the dispensary. By the time a couple of amorous storm troopers

had kicked in the heavy oaken door, their lives had trickled away from the severed arteries in their slashed wrists. They were lying side by side on the cold stone floor, their hands clasped, a look of quiet happiness on their young faces.

The survivors, these nineteen victims of the Nazi ideology, survived. At first, they cried and yearned for death. They prayed for release from their sexual slavery and at last other Germans came and gasped at what the fifteen survivors had been doing. These fifteen were court-martialed, reduced to the rank of private, and sent to a labor battalion in North Africa.

If the girls thought their torture was ended, they soon learned otherwise. The eldest, seventeen year old blonde Joi Malone, was summoned by Oberstgauleiter von Kamm's aid one midnight. She found the stocky civilian administrator reeking of brandy.

"Good evening, mademoiselle." the fiftish Nazi said jovially after locking the only door. "I called you here to assure you that you will not be mistreated by me or my men so long as you behave in a ... umm ... cooperative manner."

Joi Malone backed toward the door, the terror she had known before returning again. "Mais, non, monsieur. All that is finished. We will not have to do those bad things. You..."

The smiling Nazi walked toward her, carrying the elegant little swagger stick which the young girls had laughed at the first time they'd seen Wolfgang von Kamm. Now, Joi learned the reason for it! He slashed her across the face and neck, then he ripped her stout cotton dress from her body and he began slashing her shoulders and breasts and hips and thighs.

This was more than punishment for von Kamm! This was a sexual orgy, *preliminary loveplay*, and he roused himself to a sexual fury

that culminated in a night-long session that almost killed the young girl who had hoped to dedicate her life to God!

It almost killed Joi Malone. But it did not. Better for Wolfgang von Kamm if she had died from his excesses that night, better for all Nazis, better for Germany.

Joi Malone lived. And next day she summoned her schoolmates to the tiny chapel which the Nazis uneasily avoided.

Following Joi's example, they knelt, blessed themselves, and prayed. After a long, long time on their knees in prayer and meditation, they rose, gathered around Joi and heard the proposal which shocked and repelled them at first.

To begin with, she related what had happened to her in the horror-filled night which had just passed and she assured them that all of them would be similarly used, at first by the officers, then as the terrible life they'd lead took its toll, they would become the love-slaves of the entire Nazi Horde!

"We will be forced to submit, mes amies," Joi told them sadly. "If we struggle and cry, we will only make these two-legged animals even happier. Many of them are unbelievable perverts and if they think we are religious and devoted to a God whom they revile and deny, they will be crueler to us."

There was a silence there in the chapel with the tiny candles burning on the altar. *A silence.* Did God speak to them then?

"Here is what we must do, mon pauvres," Joi went on, finally. They listened, horrified at first, then accepting what war had thrust upon them.

The girl, Suzi, was instructed to show the secret wine cellar to a German soldier. Casks of rare brandies down there were broken into by the Nazi troops. They roared and sang, drinking themselves into a stupor. Suzi had opened the cellar for them and indicated which casks held the best liquor.

While this was happening in the cellar, Joi went to the Oberstgauleiter and told him that she and her girls refused to be used freely by the Nazis. In a word, she said, they must be rewarded henceforth. The delighted Kommandant sent for all of them and offered them champagne. They accepted and Joi proposed a party, inviting the entire Nazi staff.

"We will mix the champagne punch, herr Kommandant," the pretty young girl said smiling.

But Oberstgauleiter von Kamm was no fool. He ordered his own orderly to mix the drinks and to watch over them at all times during the party. He'd known smiling beauties before who would willingly have poisoned all Germans.

Smart as he was, von Kamm should've had his orderly prepare the *hor d'œuvres*, those delicious little tidbits lovingly made by Colette. Colette used a pinch of oregano, a little garlic, some salt, and a whole bunch of arsenic!

The Nazis were dead before first cockerow. Then, from the trucks in the courtyard, they took gasoline, slopped it around the ancient building, and put it to the torch.

Joi could drive and the nineteen girls never looked back as the ancient building became a flaming crematorium for the Nazis who came as conquerors and died in their moment of glory!

Blonde Joi drove swiftly in the early morning. She knew where she was going. They had discussed what had happened to them and what was being done to their beloved France and Joi had suggested something which they were uniquely fitted to do to revenge themselves and all France on their persecutors.

"In a word, mon amies," Joi told them, "we will become *poules*, prostitutes for the Huns. My beloved Cousin Henri lives on Rue du Faubourg-St. Honore in the familial home. It is superbly fitted for our purpose."

As the truck roared down Boulevard Des Italiens, she told them what they must do. "I will stop at street corners near my cousin's house and you will hurry to it quickly. After I leave the truck, I will join you."

Colette sighed and then looked

at her companions.

"We must have courage and pray much," she said simply and they all agreed.

Joi left the truck on Rue Royale, worried lest it be traced to them but her worries were for naught. A member of the *Maqui*, finding it unguarded, got behind the wheel and drove it off for use at some future date in an act of sabotage against the Nazi conquerors.

Cousin Henri, a middle-aged Parisien, heard Joi's story in outraged horror. With difficulty, she restrained him from charging out to the street to murder the first German that he met.

"Non, Henri, this would profit France not at all," she murmured. "We, too, thirst for revenge against those who have defiled us but our hatred of our enemies must be made to serve our beloved country. Do it our way, Henri. It will be best."

So these young innocents became prostitutes. Colette, who had been most devout, learned to wear make-up so well that she seemed more depraved than any woman in Paris. She was most popular with the high-ranking German officers who were made welcome by Henri at the massive front door.

Chez Joi, the name Henri adopted for his house of prostitution, meant *House of Joy*, and it became the most popular *maison de poules* in Paris. The Nazis who came there were given fine foods, superb wines, and entertained by the loveliest young prostitutes in France. What intrigued the arrogant Krauts most was the refined gentility of these young girls. Seldom did any Nazi ever register a complaint.

The dreaded Gestapo had investigated the place immediately after Cousin Henri had gone to the German Occupation Authorities and informed them of his plans and asked permission to operate. Gestapo agents came there first, peered in closets and under beds, searching the place for hidden microphones or other spying paraphernalia.

Satisfied, they made a favorable report on the place. Then, they too made themselves free with the merchandise on the premises. They were more than satisfied after that and they often came to check and re-check the es-

tablishment.

Joi and the girls made it a point to be especially pleasant to these unpleasant gentlemen in their trench coats and soft felt hats which had become a recognizable uniform even more hated than the familiar German service-man's attire.

Revelry went on night after night until the small hours of the morning. And, after the last Boche had departed, the girls ceased being the laughing, amoral prostitutes and if one listened one might hear the quiet sobs of these same girls. And if one listened harder, he might hear the whispered prayers of children who were still, *spiritually*, as virginal as the day the conquerors had first smashed through the gates.

No one in Paris knew what their real purpose was. No one except an aging French nobleman who had become a collaborationist with the Nazis. It was he who provided Cousin Henri with the names of the Germans who were the greatest enemies of France. The first name he had given Cousin Henri was that of an SS officer who had slaughtered thousands of French civilians in Brittany.

He was with Joi when he died. Until the last second, until she incited him to greater passion than he had ever known before, her warm, naked arms locked around his neck. Not until then did he know that one of her warm, caressing hands held a slim-bladed knife. Not until then did she whisper smilingly:

"Good-bye, Boche pig!"

The knife plunged into his heart as he understood that this slim young woman had never been conquered.

There was a cellar beneath *Chez Joi*. And beneath that, a sub-cellar dating back to the time of King Louis XIV. The bodies were buried there, decently spaced in 1940 and 1941, but as they kept operating through the war years the corpses got less and less elbow room. (Continued on page 56)

SEX ORGIES ON CAMPUS

Sit-ins Turn Into Love-ins. . . The Boys May Get Licked Up And The
... Girls Get Into Another Kind Of Trouble!



Time was, kids used to go to college to get an education; to prepare themselves for a career; to enrich their lives with a four-year exposure ■ "the better things in life," such as culture and knowledge. The way things seem to be going on today's college campuses, the main interests of the students seem to revolve around such non-curricular matters as blowing their minds on drugs, blockading the entrances of campus buildings, and, above all else, wild experimentation with the various aspects of sex.

This experimentation is carried out under the high-sounding name of "the sexual revolution," and it ■ made possible by the invention and wide distribution of the contraceptive pill, which frees the female campus population from the consequences of any sexual follies they may commit.

During the recent student demonstrations at the University of California, Berkeley, for instance, one of the more acute crises faced by students sitting in at Sproul Hall for several days was that some of the girls forgot to bring along their contraceptive pills and were fearful of conceiving during the orgies which were scheduled to help while away the long hours of their sit-in. A cry for help went out to outside student supporters and enough pills were smuggled into the besieged building to tide the girls over for a fortnight.

Although college officials are reluctant to admit it, the sex orgy has become a regular part of campus life, taking its place among indoor (and sometimes outdoor) sports in spite of the efforts of college authorities to stamp it out.

An article in the **BERKELEY BARR** describes the action at such a campus orgy conducted by the Sexual Rights Forum:

"It was like a gigantic car wash. With three men polishing their skills on a single girl at one time, Saturday night's Sexual Rights Forum party was a far cry from last week's utopian 'universal love' session enjoyed by a contributor ■ this newspaper.

"In fact, the whole thing had large elements of the farcical. Three men proved themselves on the prostrate body of the willing Lorelei; a round of applause for the stars went up from the spectators. Then somebody suggested a second volley of applause for the supporting actors.

"Nude couples danced in flickering strobe lights in the adjacent room. An irate husband refused to let his wife in the front door, protesting: 'You got it last week. It's my turn now.'

"A young man asked a girl, matter-of-factly: 'See any guys you like?' 'Yes,' said she,

'but — I'm not quite ready yet.' 'Well,' said he, 'when you are, clue me in and I'll round them up for you.'

"One slightly inhibited male who kept his pants on all evening said he was struck by the persistence of the American girl's teasing game: Make out, she would; go down, she would not. I couldn't figure out what he was complaining about; it's usually the other way around.

"Sadly, our pants-wearing friend said he was thinking of writing a sketch to be called **I WAS A FLOP AT A SEXUAL ORGY.**"

Justification for the kind of orgy sketched out above can come from several sources — Zen-type religion, socially motivated attempts to revolutionize sexual mores such as the Sexual Freedom League and its imitators, and the mental health approach as in the Free Beach Movement and the Esalen Institute in Big Sur, California. The college campus serves as a focal point for those forces aimed at recruiting youngsters for the new campaign for sexual freedom.

Some of the campus orgiasts claim religious justification for their carrying on; mainly from their interpretation of Zen Buddhism, which preaches peace, love, freedom, and total involvement with the welfare of other people — including their sexual welfare, one may suppose. After a few sticks of pot, virtually any sexual experience can seem mystical, and this allows many of the celebrants in these sexual rites ■ perform without guilt or social consciousness.

However, campus or off-campus sex parties involving college students are more likely held under the auspices of a loosely organized movement such as the aforementioned Sexual Rights Forum or the nationwide League for Sexual Freedom.

The League for Sexual Freedom began in New York City as an outlet for both hippies and college students attending New York University, Columbia, or the various branches of City College of New York — as well as any other free thinkers and swingers who wanted to strike down the barriers to their various kinds of sexual gratification. The president of the original chapter of the League for Sexual Freedom had the name (not necessarily significant but nonetheless humorously received) of Fred Cherry.

Meetings of the League began as serious discussion groups aimed at revolutionizing contemporary attitudes towards sex, but these soon gave way to mass parties, usually held in private apartments or homes, ■ which everyone was encouraged ■ shed his clothes and partake of whatever sexual activity

(Continued on page 52)

DIANE, THE DIMPLED DARLING!"

Beautiful Diane O'Brien doesn't look like a troublemaker but after our trusty photographer took all these photographs he went home and busted his wife's jaw! Not really. He didn't go home at all.

They went on location to the beach and even though the water was cold it didn't cool Ol' Shutterbug! Then, they went to her air-conditioned suite to take the balance of the photographs and he became unbalanced,





blew the air conditioner fuse, and the flash-bulb went off before he could attach it to the camera. When last seen, Flash was staggering drunkenly and mumbling DIANE? DIANE?

We hope you don't have any trouble after you turn the page!



Murph The Surf--

Golden Boy Of Crime!



**Even The Fuzz Are Betting
He'll Beat His Murder Rap!**

The crowd outside the Ft. Lauderdale courtroom was straining to get a closer look at him—to see how The Golden Boy of Crime would react to the verdict just handed down by the seven-man, five-woman jury, that he and an accomplice had murdered beautiful Terry Rae Frank on Dec. 8, 1967, and sent her to a watery grave in Whisky Creek, Florida.

Jack "Murph the Surf" Murphy, like all great folk heroes, did not disappoint the crowd. He did not crumble into a thousand whimpering pieces or cry out hysterically. He took the news like a Wall Street pro who, upon examining the ticker, discovers one of his stocks has dipped half a point. Life goes on.

For the time being, anyway. Murph the Surf, whose crimes have escalated from vagrancy to jewel robbery and now to first-

degree murder, got a pass. The jury recommended mercy, which took him out of the electric chair and into prison for life.

However, both he and his accomplice, Jack Griffith, who got a 45-year-sentence in the same murder, must face the jury once more for the murder of Annelie Maria Mohn, another brunette beauty whose body was found alongside Terry Rae Frank's in the secluded swampland near Hollywood, Florida.

The dashing, former beachboy and Griffith, a one-time karate instructor, are also charged in federal court with conspiring with Terry Rae Frank and Annelie Mohr to steal \$4888.

Mohr to steal \$488,732 worth of negotiable securities from the Los Angeles brokerage firm where the girls worked as secretaries before coming to Florida.

At this point, then, the future seems draped in black crepe for the colorful and outrageous Murph the Surf, but he has surfaced smiling from other seeming professional "drownings," leading at least one Miami police official to comment:

"The guy has a real star over his head. I wouldn't bet against him no how."

What the official probably had in mind was Murph's remarkable record of landing on his feet after what seemed a series of catastrophic falls:

* For the spectacular Star of India jewelry heist Oct. 30, 1964, Murph got off after serving only two years.

* Immediately after that, he got a job at a Miami Beach sports equipment store and reportedly was making a bundle of money from a West Coast firm that was using his name as a trade mark on their surfboards. Crime does not pay?

* In January, 1964, the volatile Murph got entangled with Eva Gabor, the beautiful and equally volatile Hungarian. She accused him of pistol whipping her and stealing \$50,000 worth of her jewelry from her apartment in North Bay Village, Florida. Just when it seemed as if Murph was ready to take a dunking, the charge was dropped when Miss Gabor unaccountably failed to show up at the trial.

* The cocky Murph showed up for the Gabor hearing with a beautiful blonde, Bonnie Sue Sutera, on his arm. He explained that they had been going steady for some time—and she looked it, beaming radiantly. Then, on December, 12, 1964, less than two months after the Star of India had been successfully removed from the Museum of Natural History in New York City, Bonnie Sue Sutera was found dead in

her North Miami Beach apartment, an apparent suicide from an overdose of medication. The 22-year-old beauty left behind an unsigned note delineating the depth of her despair and despondency.

* Murph the Surf and a few of his pals were suspects in another jewelry robbery, back in March of 1964—a full seven months before the Star of India Sapphire theft. The scene was Bimini in the Bahamas. Murphy, Allan Kuhn and Roger Clark (names from the Star of India heist) arrived aboard a yacht there only weeks after a \$750,000 jewel robbery in Nassau. The yacht was searched, but nothing was found. Police remained suspicious. One day later the Bimini police commissioner ordered them to leave.

* A week after being booted out of Bimini, the beachboys pulled their yacht into Andros' sunny waters. By now the crew had grown to include two stunningly beautiful girls, who had already been reported missing in Miami but who were distinctly not suffering from home sickness. While Murphy, Kuhn and Clark were docked at Andros, there were more jewel robberies. Eventually the Andros police took the clue and ordered the "undesirables" to leave—after a search of the yacht again turned up no evidence.

* And now what Murph the Surf Watchers are saying is that even with his conviction of the murder of Terry Rae Frank, under Florida law Murph will be eligible for parole in seven years!

I wouldn't bet against him no how, the Miami police official had said. Maybe he was right.

But there's no question that strife and tragedy, which have constantly stalked this devilishly handsome ex-beachboy all his life, are finally beginning to overtake him.

For sheer drama and excitement, however, no one in recent memory held center stage (and front pages all over the country) with a greater glow than Murph the Surf. The saga began shortly after it was learned that thieves had coolly entered the fourth floor Hall of Gems at the Museum of Natural History in New York

and made off with jewels valued at more than \$400,000.

The haul included the priceless and irreplaceable Star of India, the world's largest star sapphire, weighing in at 563 carats; the incomparably beautiful Midnight Sapphire, a 116.76 carat star sapphire famous for its deep violet cast; and the fabulous DeLong Ruby, the largest star ruby of its quality in the world. All were donations of J. P. Morgan's.

Some 19 other gems from three other cases had also been stolen, but because the thieves had shown such selectivity and lack of greed (they left behind millions of dollars in gems that would have been easier to sell on the open market) they practically endeared themselves to a public that had been taught in such films as "Rififi" and "Topkapi" to appreciate criminal artistry and imagination.

And, of course, once the name Jack "Murph the Surf" exploded onto these same front pages, attaching itself to the ringing sounds of *The Star of India*, why the two became the biggest combination since "Gable's Back and Garson's Got Him"?

And why not? The robbery itself was a classic—which misfired for the classic reason: a boyfriend thought Murph the Surf had stolen his girlfriend, so he talked. Hollywood would film it this way: Boy meets jewels, boy gets jewels, boy loses jewels and lives miserably ever after.

The story began on an early October morning in 1964, when three young, good-looking men pulled up to a West Side hotel in a big, white Cadillac. Night after night they threw wild parties that lasted into the night and to which anyone in the hotel—particularly a good-looking woman—was welcome.

As the informant described the pre-robbery setting, the three men were always arrayed in expensive suits, spent money in enormous amounts, had books on precious jewels in their living room and professed a greater interest in the Museum of Natural History than one would think normal, considering their noneducational sorties at night.

The three, as described by the informant with the wandering girl

friend, were Jack "Murph the Surf" Murphy, Allan Kuhn and Roger Clark—the same three who had months earlier incurred the wrath of the various Caribbean lawmen in their dock-to-dock yachting excursions.

Murphy, a blond six-footer with a winning smile and warm, mischievous eyes, has been variously reported as being born and raised in Los Angeles and McKeesport, Pa., a town that obviously could not hold him. He is a soft-spoken man and a natural athlete who took to being a professional diver and aquatic stunt man following attendance at unnamed colleges. He has a professional's skill on the tennis courts and is supposed to be an accomplished violinist as well.

Golden Boy, revisited.

Kuhn, who is shorter and mild-mannered, has been a professional swimming instructor and was a springboard diver and scuba diver and a professional treasure hunter who once operated his own salvage firm.

Clark worked as a beach boy and ran a beach front surfboard repair shop. He was apparently the least affluent of the three.

This, then, was the cast of characters that police said laid siege to the J.P. Morgan Memorial Hall of Minerals and Gems at the Museum of Modern History. The gem room is very large (100 by 60 feet) and high-ceilinged with tall windows facing a courtyard. It has archways at both ends which are filled with heavy grilled iron gates that are closed and locked at night.

On Friday morning, October 30, 1964, John Hoffman, 58, a senior attendant at the museum began the same task he had performed for many of the 37 years he worked there. He unlocked the huge gates to open the room to the public. But unlike any of those other mornings, this time the room was not as it was when it was locked the previous night.

Four display cases had been broken into. His heart jumped frantically as he realized that one was where the most precious gems of all had been kept. He approached the display cases cautiously, careful not to disturb any potential evidence or destroy any fingerprints the thieves might

have left. He could have saved himself the trouble: no fingerprints were found.

Detectives determined the thieves had used a glass cutter to cut the glass, put adhesive strips around the circular edges to keep the entire pane from shattering, and tapped the pieces of glass out with a window washer's metal squeegee, which was found on one of the display cases.

Murphy's private little star was working overtime for him in this heat.

"Do you have a burglar alarm system?" Lieutenant Robert Danner of the 68th Street Precinct mechanically asked Dr. James A. Oliver, director of the museum. "Oh, yes," Dr. Oliver replied. "But it . . . isn't in operating order just now," he added sheepishly.

"How long has it been on the blink?" Danner asked.

"For some time now. Several months at least." It was a question of money. It cost too much to operate.

Score one for Murph. Score another one for him:

"How many guards do you have on duty in the main building?" Lieutenant Danner asked.

"Seven," Dr. Oliver replied. Again it was a lack of money.

Seven guards for one million square feet of floor space on five vast floors and a basement, in which most of the treasures are stored!

Could any of the guards have discovered the theft during the night? Not very likely. The massive grilled gates were locked as soon as the museum was closed for the day and not unlocked until opening time. The guards who made regular scheduled rounds did not enter the gem room itself. (Once a guard was stationed inside the gates, but it was a question of money. . .) They punched their time clocks just outside the gates.

Since there was no indication that the locks on the gates had been tampered with, detectives turned to the window as the only other way to enter the room.

Lieutenant Danner and his partner Sergeant Robert Bowden of the 20th Squad noticed that the window was open a crack from the top.

"Is that usual?" Sergeant Bowden inquired.

"We usually leave it open two inches from the top for ventilation," the guard admitted.

Detectives, members of the burglary squad and FBI agents who by now had been called in then checked out the roof, a flat gravel surface. It appeared undisturbed. One of the officers got down and sighted along the surface of the roof, then walked over to the edge of the interior courtyard on which the gem room windows faced. Other officers looked down into the courtyard and examined the edge for signs such as a rigging hook would leave if one had been used to lower someone to the windows by rope. There were no hook marks.

Continuing their checklist, officers turned their attention to the fire escape that ran from the roof to the courtyard. But it was nine feet of sheer granite wall away from the nearest window of the gem room. A thief would need plenty of help and support.

The only other possibility was the window from the fifth floor. Although police failed to find any of the usual tell-tale signs of a rope or wire exit, they theorized that someone—granted he had to be someone very athletic, very acrobatic—could have dropped the nine feet from the fifth floor window to the top of the gem room window on the floor below, and then lowered himself to the floor.

Someone very athletic, very acrobatic—like aquatic stunt men or scuba divers!

Without the lead supplied by the rejected lover, Murph the Surf and his cohorts probably would have gotten away with the daring robbery. But days later when police descended on the West 86th Street hotel where the playboys had stayed, they found Roger Clark still there, along with enough paraphernalia to convince police that their interest in the Museum of Natural History wasn't so natural, after all. They seized a quantity of marijuana, a blackjack (a violation of the Sullivan Law), a jeweler's scale, a history of the museum's gem collection by a former curator, floor plans of the museum, photo-

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SIZZLING SIRENS



"Quick, hide - It's my husband!"



Ed
Tregdon

"You're what?"



"I don't understand. . . . I got
out for what I was put in for!"

More than 1200 hospital patients in the United States are accidentally electrocuted each year while receiving "routine diagnostic tests" or treatment with faulty medical electronic equipment, according to Dr. Carl W. Walter of Harvard Medical School. Many of these electrocutions occur in diagnostic procedures in which the patient is hooked up to electronic systems, and the physicians responsible for such patients almost invariably falsify the death certificates by listing the deaths as "cardiac arrests." It's virtually impossible to prove that electricity caused the heart stoppages, and the physicians avoid legal action by falsifying their reports.

Seems like almost anything is for sale these days. A California concern calling itself the Church of Universal Brotherhood will provide you - in return for a payment of \$12.50 - an honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity and ordination as a full-fledged minister, both of which are completely legal in all U.S. states and territories. Among the advantages of such clergyman status are: Exemptions from the draft; freedom and protection of a church in using psychedelic drugs as holy sacraments; the privilege of marrying people; certain exemptions in operating a business where profits go to your personal "church."

Rats bite an estimated 1500 people - mostly children and helpless oldsters - in New York City each year, and this statistic points up the fact that city rat populations throughout the nation are rising steadily and remorseless way past the critical point. There are now 90 million rodents preying upon Americans, spreading disease and fevers of a virulent nature and destroying 10% of the nation's grain crop each year. Fumigation and trapping, which cause only a small dent in the rat population, are not the answer. What is necessary, the Public Health Service says, is full control of environmental sanitation, improvement of garbage collection, and elimination of slums.

San Francisco's recent "Plant-a-Tree Week" started off with a poster contest which awarded a prize for the best drawing of a tree. You can imagine the anguish of the judging committee when they discovered that one of the winning

posters, which they had assumed was a picture of a palm tree, was actually a depiction of a pot-smoker's dream - a super, king-sized marijuana plant. Removing the poster from its place of honor with the other winners, officials testily commented that "It's not the sort of trees we recommend for street planting. The winner, 17-year-old Alex Allen, replied: 'I did it to find out where people were at. . . I wanted everybody to enjoy it.'"

More than half the men who frequent the nation's ladies shops to purchase dainty unmentionables are purchasing them for themselves rather than a wife, mistress, or lady relative, according to a poll taken by the Sex Research Institute. Such men should not be regarded as freaks or perverts, the researchers say. Rather, they find the nylon panties more comfortable, easier to wash, and cooler than the traditional shorts and briefs made for men. With the general softening of the division between men's and women's attire now in progress, men have become much less self-conscious about what they wear beneath their rugged male outerwear, the scientists say.



For those of you with somewhat more refined tastes in entertainment, the Architectural League of New York has set up a "dial-a-poem" service in New York available to anyone willing to pay for a phone call to (212) 628-0400. Several leading American poets have cut tapes of their own works, including such racy poem-makers as Allen Ginsburg and William Burroughs. In case you think that such a service is too far over the heads of the people, you should know that right away the phones [six of them] began ringing at a rate of 4000 calls every 24 hours. Since then four more phones have been added to handle the 60,000 calls per week which now come in.

There's good news for women who are going through life under-endowed in the breast department. Plastic surgeons in Prague, Czechoslovakia, have developed a new kind of sponge made of a

plastic substance called "hydron" which they use for breast implants. Hydron is pliable, does not cause cancer, and absorbs a third of its own weight in water so as not to become hard and unyielding. Until it was outlawed in this country, liquid silicone injected into the tissues was used to enlarge breasts, but it was found to wander from the site where it was needed most and produce unsatisfactory cosmetic results.

For more than a year now, citizens of Denmark have been allowed to purchase or publish pornography with no restraints imposed upon this activity by the government. It turns out that this new freedom has not only led to a decrease in sex crimes in Denmark, but has also been given a surprising reception from the public. Instead of a mad rush to purchase every lurid book in the bookshops, the Danes have actually decreased their buying of pornography. One bookseller said "It's almost as if all the fun has gone out of buying it, now that you're allowed to." The experiment has been hailed as a great success by public prosecutors as well as civil libertarians.

After spending 42 years in prison, two World War One draft resisters in Arizona were released in 1960 and now have won pardons in a unanimous vote of the Arizona Board of Pardons and Paroles. Brothers John and Tom Power refused induction into the armed forces in 1918 and shot three members of a posse which came to get them at their ranch. They shot a sheriff and two deputies in a gun battle in Rattlesnake Canyon, but later on they surrendered to a contingent of United States Cavalry. Their ages are now 77 and 79 respectively, and they are still vehemently against the draft.

A Philadelphia judge has come out in support for a plan to allow wives to pay conjugal visits to their husbands in jail "and would make a convict's life worth living. Otherwise, a prisoner won't be worth a damn. We'll be sending monsters out into the community." The judge, Raymond Pace Alexander, is aware that his community is seriously disturbed by the problem of sex in prisons. According to the DA's office, homosexual rapes are "epidemic" in the jails of the City of Brotherly Love. Judge Alexander would also permit sex for unwed inmates "if they have legitimate long-term common-law relationships." In five years he thinks, many states will adopt his ideas.

Swinging Sex In



The morning sunlight glistens as it strikes the snowy-white facade of the modernistic building set in the midst of park-like grounds with sculptured shrubs and velvety green lawns. On closer inspection, the white building can be seen to be the nucleus of a stretch of other buildings which are connected to it by covered walk-ways. No window is without cheerful bits of color — curtains and potted flowers on the sills.

This complex of impeccably kept buildings is a modern prison for women — a model of modern penology, you might say as you take in the fact that there are no high gray walls with grum-looking guards patrolling the top — just a simple chain-link fence around the periphery of the grounds.

You also might conclude that if a young woman must serve time in prison, this enlightened establishment is the ideal place to be rehabilitated.

Don't you believe it. Not for one minute.

The fact is, this lovely exterior has hidden behind

it a veritable Devil's Island full of desperate women — guards as well as inmates — caught up in a maelstrom of sadism, lesbianism, and monumental frustration. Modern buildings cannot cure what has become the hideous sickness of prison life — the lack of normal heterosexual outlets for the inmates' desires.

Of course, the authorities, in their Puritan blindness and stupidity, attempt to deny that there is any homosexual problem in the prisons. Or they will try to minimize the facts to protect their own jobs and reputations. But the fact is that 80% of all women who serve time in prison are either forced into homosexual contacts with other prisoners or seek these contacts out of their own volition.

Most of the time, homosexuality is forced on them, and often this is accomplished in the most brutally sadistic fashion imaginable (Gang rapes, for instance

Women's Prisons



These assaults are usually the lot of the new prisoner or 'fish' as she is called until she learns the routine of prison life. The gang rape is a kind of initiation ceremony aimed at disabusing the newcomer of any idea that there is a shred of decency left in the world. Screaming for the guards is no help, for the guards in most prisons merely sit by and egg the prisoners on in their atrocities if they are not actually joining in the fun and games. It is well known that in virtually all prison situations that the only people worse than the prisoners are the guards, who are inevitably more violent, more deranged, and more depraved than any criminal.

Take, for example, the case of Jennie M., a young woman of 19 who had never been in jail before. Her "crime" had been that she had kept company with a young man who had, unknown to her, a criminal record and who had committed a robbery and hidden the loot in her apartment, also

without her knowledge.

When Jennie got a year in the state prison for women for being an accomplice — because she was a poor judge of character — she was frightened, and she had very good reason to be.

Her fears were somewhat abated during the first two weeks in the modern gleaming institution where she'd been sent for those weeks were spent in isolation, a kind of quarantine where the new prisoner could be checked over for physical and mental ills — primarily venereal and other communicable diseases and acute psychoses which would pose a threat to the prison population. No one seemed to care much about the threat the prison population would pose to Jennie's health and well-being.

This particular prison had a large common area in which the prisoners spent most of their time. The individual rooms where the women slept opened out onto this common area and offered no place for a

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besieged prisoner to hide from her tormentors.

Jennie had not been in this part of the prison for an hour before a huge, mannish-looking inmate named Babe laid a hand on her soft shoulder. Jennie was a small, delicate beauty and the bull dyke was big enough to break her in two. The large woman told her to come to her cell and they would "have some fun."

When Jennie was a bit slow getting the point, the dyke spelled it out in short, dirty words. She was propositioning Jennie to commit a homosexual act with her, and Jennie was supposed to take the passive role in what was to ensue.

Jennie tried to explain that she had no lesbian desires and was not interested. Meanwhile she looked around for a guard, to no avail. All she saw were the hideously grinning faces of her fellow prisoner, none of them the least sympathetic to her plight, although the majority of them had been similarly indoctrinated when they arrived in prison for the first time.

The big dyke reached out a paw and grabbed Jennie by the arm, nearly pulling her off her feet. Then she dragged the neophyte, kicking and protesting, into her cell. When Jennie began screaming hysterically, the huge woman backhanded her so hard she loosened one of her teeth. The other prisoners gathered around to watch the fun.

Jennie was then given the "softening up" treatment. She was belted around until all signs of resistance ceased. Care was taken, however, not to leave any large bruises or contusions that might bring down the belated wrath of the warden on the perpetrators. Without such obvious evidence, what happened would remain a matter of Jennie's word against that of the dyke. Since the dyke was also a trustee, there's not much doubt as to whose word would be taken.

Then Jennie's clothes were stripped from her and she was thrown naked on the big dyke's cot. While some of the dyke's pals held her down, the dyke strapped on a huge dildo and then brutally raped Jennie with it. No man ever raped a woman

more thoroughly than did this butch lesbian rape Jennie.

Afterward, the dyke invited her buddies to partake of Jennie's charms, by now considerably the worse for wear. When they were at last finished, Jennie required medical attention, but it was many hours before such was given her. By that time, it was too late. For Jennie died of a ruptured womb complicated by septicemia, a horrible infection of the genital tract.

In order to avoid a scandal, the medical report listed her death as a result of attempted self-abortion, even though there was no possibility at all that she had been pregnant when admitted to prison. Only later on, when her parents created such a furor that an investigation was carried out, did the truth about Jennie's death emerge. As one might expect, a few minor prison staff members were fired, but nothing much happened and the prison has undergone no change of any vital sort.

The pathetic thing is that what happened to Jennie is not as rare as one might suppose. Homosexual rape is the rule rather than the exception in our penal institutions, and, on occasion, it results in the death of the victim.

Senator Thomas J. Dodd of Connecticut, chairman of the Senate subcommittee which deals presently with conditions in the nation's prisons, has charged that young inmates are "beaten sexually abused, and even killed" by other prisoners or by members of the prison staff. Senator Dodd warned that the nation's jails are "powder kegs, ready to explode."

In testifying before the subcommittee hearings, District Attorney Arien Spector of Philadelphia said that sexual assaults among inmates had reached "epidemic proportions." He said also that he believed his city was no different than any other American city in this regard.

"Almost every good-looking inmate is sexually approached within two hours after her admission to prison," he said.

Spector pointed out that some efforts were being made to stop sexual abuse in prisons, such as better supervision of inmates and isolating new prisoners from hardened criminals. But, he said, trial

judges are making it tough for reformers. It seems the jurists are extremely reluctant to deal out severe sentences to anyone convicted of raping another prisoner. They are afraid their convictions will be reversed if the rapist appeals the heavy sentence.

And, as all wise judges know, the best way to avoid an appeal is to give out light sentences. Who bothers to appeal a slap on the wrist?

Senator Dodd is of the opinion that federal aid might be required to clean up the nation's prisons. Anyone familiar with the atrocious record of the Federal Bureau of Prisons might doubt Senator Dodd's wisdom in relying upon the federal government for an enlightened approach to penology.

The vast majority of American prisons fail diamally to rehabilitate the prisoners, if, indeed, they even make an attempt to do so. Instead, prison life ends up brutalizing the inmate by corrupting him sexually and by offering an effective training ground for future criminal activities on his part.

Sexual corruption in prison is also a result of the overall attitude of society toward sex. According to the authors of *New Horizons in Criminology*, "there is no more delicate problem than sex in prison. The conventional mores of the culture in which we live frown upon the free discussion of sex, and prison administrators avoid a public exposition of this serious, tragic curse present in every prison. No effort has ever been made to come to grips with the problem."

There's nothing new about the problem, either. It has certainly been present in past centuries, as witness these lines from Oscar Wilde in *The Ballad of Reading Gaol* (where he served time for homosexuality)

"And all but Lust is turned to dust

In humanity's machine. . . .

The vilest deeds, like prison weeds

Bloom well in prison air. . . .

Elga Kern, a representative from Germany to the World League for Sexual Reform, made this statement: "In all kinds of women's prisons we find the same sexual, the same general misery which Ernest Toller found

in the life of the male prisoners. Nearly all the women who have been imprisoned for some time undergo not only temporary changes in their psychosexual attitude but also, almost without exception, changes of a lasting character. Onanism (masturbation), lesbian love, the latter often taking grotesque forms, serve not only to satisfy their sexual desires during their prison term but often take over after the place of normal emotional life."

In Victor Nelson's *Prison Days and Nights*, he gets to the basic problem with this observation: "To the man dying of hunger and thirst, it makes little difference that the only available food and water are tainted. Likewise, it makes little or no difference that the only available means of sexual satisfaction are abnormal. It is merely a matter of satisfying as best he can the hunger which besets him."

A study of delinquent girls in a large reform school points out that "in institutions for girls, as in other outlets for the play of their energies are given, the 'crushes' take on often a more active and exaggerated form. They are more active because the homosexual current dominates the community and because of the great rivalry displayed when the same girl is the object of several girls' attention."

Some institutions attempt to handle the sexual needs of their inmates by providing for the inmates' sexual needs, but these attempts start out with a strictly negative viewpoint: the denial of all sexual outlets. Thus, they are doomed to failure before they begin.

For instance, officials of the Los Angeles County Jail have used every known method of minimizing sexual contacts among inmates. In the men's and the women's sections, there are built to accommodate nine prisoners, and seldom, if ever, is such a cell occupied by only two inmates at a time. It has been learned that homosexual behavior is much more prevalent when only two occupants of a cell are present.

Also, in this same jail, no fraternizing is allowed between the inmates of the various cells, ex-

cept at meal and shower times when they are under constant watchful supervision. The cells are kept locked at all other times, and regular identification checks are conducted by deputies and trustees in order to make sure that during a meal or shower break an inmate has not slipped into the wrong cell for possible homosexual purposes. And the shower rooms are built in such a way -- without stalls of any kind -- that no opportunity for intimate sexual conduct during shower periods is afforded.

In some prisons, the ancient practice of putting saltpeter in the inmates' food is still employed with the aim of providing them with an *anaphrodisiac*, a substance supposed to inhibit sexual desire. There is not a single shred of medical or pharmacological evidence that saltpeter has any effect whatever on human sexual potency or desire, but the myth of its supposed powers is very nearly as impossible to stamp out as is sexuality itself.

As a matter of fact, saltpeter is used in the curing of corned beef, and if corned beef and cabbage acted as a curb on sexual impulses, the Irish people would have died years ago!

One partial answer for the dilemma of sex in prison is to reward married inmates' good behavior by allowing them conjugal visits with their spouses in private quarters from time to time -- wives visiting incarcerated husbands and husbands permitted to visit imprisoned wives overnight.

However, this would not accommodate the sexual needs of a large part of the prison population. What about the single men? Should they be allowed visits by prostitutes? If so, what about the same situation in women's prisons? The public furor can be imagined if single women inmates were permitted visitation rights in private with males.

This system is in effect in some foreign nations and seems to work well in controlling the amount of homosexual hanky-panky which goes on. At least, the homosexuality tends to be limited to prisoners who are already homosexual when they come to prison, and these inmates can be isolated in special cell blocks with others

of their kind so as to keep the deviation from spreading throughout the institution.

It may be a very long time before our nation catches up with this enlightened form of penology. As long as the deeply rooted puritanical attitudes which plague this country are allowed to hold sway over common sense and prevent any realistic approach to the problem, the problem of homosexuality in prison will continue to grow. The only answer is to allow inmates of both sexes to have a reasonable amount of normal sexual contacts while they are in prison.

The denial of a normal amount of heterosexual activity to the inmate and the resultant warping of his or her psychosexual attitudes in the direction of homosexuality may well fall within the definition of "cruel and unusual punishments" which are forbidden by the U. S. Constitution. And sooner or later some civil libertarian attorney will take the matter to the Supreme Court and force sexual reforms in the prisons.

Meanwhile, more Jennies will be brutally raped and murdered, and more normal inmates will become perverted by our anachronistic penal system.

An example of the latter is Sally J.

Sally entered a well-known California women's prison at the age of 23 after being convicted of vehicular homicide resulting from an accident which she had caused while driving under the influence of alcohol. While Sally was no hardened criminal, neither was she an innocent little girl. She had had a number of sexual encounters, all of them with men. Never in her life had she engaged in any sexual activity which could be deemed homosexual.

That was soon to change, and not because she was gang-raped, like Jennie, or otherwise forced into lesbianism. In fact, the first few times Sally was approached by the resident dykes in the prison, she rejected their advances angrily. When they made a move to force her, she made good use of her karate-class training to discourage any further attacks, breaking the nose of the biggest bull dyke in the prison with a rapid hand-chop. (Continued on page 52)

S-E-X!

I WAS



THE LOVE SLAVE OF THE GEISHA!



"I never saw that real estate on the charts!" I said aloud as I swung my Grumman Wildcat into a screaming bank and headed back over the cloud-capped island in the blue Western Pacific below. It wasn't part of any big atoll, but was a pretty little island hiding down there all by itself, serenely away from the war and the combat areas.

I wouldn't have found Roki Jima if we hadn't jumped a flight of Zeros 150 miles west, on the way to strafe a Jap tanker that one of our submarines had reported. I nailed one and my wingman went after the second while I started blasting the third. We played hide-and-seek in the clouds for a minute before I caught him peeking out of a fat cumulus just below me and dropped down on the Kawanishi Zero's tail with all guns blazing.

My first burst went into the pilot. I was kind of glad it ended for him quickly. Riding a flamer down isn't any fun. Riding one down into the Pacific hundreds of miles from land was the kind of torture I wouldn't wish on Tojo himself.

Anyway, I was separated from Hank, my wingman, and when I tried to call him on my radio, the gadget wouldn't work. My instruments were malfunctioning and the radio compass was also kaput so I went over to seat-of-the-pants navigation with my magnetic compass. It was accurate enough to get me within fifty miles or so of the carrier... but you might as well be on the moon as fifty miles away from something in the Pacific.

You get the idea. When I spotted that island below me, I was lost. Nearly out of gas and wondering how many days I'd last in the little rubber raft before the sharks got me.

So, I whipped the Wildcat around and went down for a look at this strange real estate. As it got bigger in my windscreen, it started to look even better. In fact, when I got down real close, it looked absolutely terrific. No military installations. No warships at anchor in the little natural harbor at the eastern end of the island. Just gleaming white sand beaches, rows of palms nearly spaced, and a cluster of white-roofed buildings around a crystal-clear lake not too far from the shore.

This wasn't any ordinary island. I'd accidentally discovered Paradise!

I was on my second pass, looking for the smoothest beach to set down when I saw the white flag with the red meatball flying from a pole in front of the biggest building, which looked like a regular palace. I was just starting to pull up when I also saw the red eye down there winking obscenely at me.

Whoever manned that gun was either awfully good or mighty lucky! I swear the first burst was the one that blew my engine into 843 pieces. It came apart in front of my eyes!

That did it! I hit the canopy release, slapped the seat-belt release, and climbed out of what had once been a beautiful little carrier fighter plane.

The chute opened quickly. I was over the western end of the island, maybe 1000 yards from the cluster of buildings, and I was hopeful of avoiding capture by the Jap garrison. Looking down, I picked out a grassy clearing between some pretty big trees and that's where I hit.

I had my knees bent like it said in the book; I let myself fall and rolled, ripping at the parachute harness release as I did so. It came loose, I flattened out, and my trusty Colt .45 was in my fist, ready for anything.

I wasn't ready, for the soft, lovely voice that came from directly behind me!

"Please not to move, Joe!" the

voice said. I started to turn around, then I heard the sound that made the words convincing. The sound of an automatic being cocked!

I dropped my trusty weapon and a second later a slim, tanned arm came past me and scooped up my heavy pistol. I caught a whiff of perfume that almost made me, a woman-starved carrier pilot who hadn't had a date in seven months, forget there was a war on and she was the enemy with a gun!

"Now turn around, Joe," the voice said. Softly. Musically. I turned.

If this was an enemy, I thought, I surrender, dear!

She wore a jeweled comb in her lustrous black hair. She wore wooden clogs, brightly painted with imitation jewels. I figured She also wore a small caliber Jap automatic pistol.

That's it.

That's all she wore!

"Please, Joe, not to stare," she said, lowering her eyes modestly. "Your arrival is not expected. Kwilajashi make sreep in sunlight to make skin dark like Hollywood movie star."

I just gaped for a minute until I decided what she said. Her name was Kwilajashi, she had been sunbathing because she wanted to look like a Hollywood movie star. Hell, I knew about a dozen movie stars that would give their Beverly Hills mansion to look like Kwilajashi!

"I won't look, Kwilajashi," I promised and she looked and smiled gratefully. I pretended to look away but, man, I wasn't missing any of the salient details.

"Come!" she said.

She pointed with the gun and I walked in the direction she indicated. She was the loveliest woman I'd ever seen (okay, maybe I was prejudiced after seven months of abstinence) and she was stark naked and I was hoping she was taking me to her own little pad, there'd be just she and I!

Wrong again.

She marched me right to the main buildings; through beautifully cultivated Japanese gardens with dwarf trees, exquisite floral arrangements, and clear streams and ponds with those pretty ar-

ched bridges spanning them. I strode along a crushed-shell path, rounded a flowerbed bush and gaped, stopping in my tracks!

A white-faced, black-eyed beauty gaped right back! She was dressed in the traditional Geisha costume, rice powder whitening her face, lips scarlet, straight-standing, regal as a queen!

She chirped and half-sang a long question to Kwilajashi who caroled an answer in return, gesturing at me with her Nambu automatic, then upward to indicate how I'd arrived at their island.

My chick seemed to defer to the other girl and she actually seemed afraid of her! I looked around for the men who ran the place. After all, someone had manned the machine gun that had shot me down. There weren't any men in sight!

Now, Kwilajashi was explaining again but the geisha wasn't buying it. She pointed haughtily at K's naked charms, flashed her eyes at me, and Kwilajashi flushed guiltily. I figured it was time to get into the conversation even though I couldn't chatter Jap.

"I'm Lt. Gene Lavelle, U.S. Navy serial number 9743395." I said firmly, hoping to break up this argument that looked like a loser for the naked broad.

"Take me to your commanding officer."

The geisha, interrupted in mid-sentence, turned those arrogant dark eyes on me. She considered me a moment, then spoke.

"There is no commanding officer on Roki Jima, Lieutenant," she said in perfect English. "Roki Jima is a rest area for Japanese officers of exalted rank. The staff here is all female. (One of us operated the weapon which destroyed your war machine.)"

A rest area for Japanese officers of exalted rank!

In other words, I'd landed on an island where the classiest cal-house the Japs had was located!

I smiled, turning on the old never-failing Lavelle charm.

"I give my parole. I promise not to try to escape from your lovely island," I said to the geisha.

She smiled prettily in return. "This guarantee is not necessary, Lt. Lavelle," she assured me. "You will follow Kwilajashi

into my suite in the large building which is called The Shining Bower of Ten Thousand Delights."

Let me tell you, following Kwilajashi wasn't any hardship at all. Those young tanned thighs and Man! Seven months is a heluva long time!

By my side, the geisha named the garden. The Tranquil Grove: a smaller blue-laquered bungalow was House of Happy Dreams, and the pagoda on the right became Tower of Many Joys.

"There are only five geisha on Roki Jima," she informed me in the cool, detached manner of a knowledgeable guide. "Girls like Kwilajashi are apprentices, useful as servants and slaves until they are deemed worthy of geisha rank."

Inside The Shining Bower of Ten Thousand Delights, I was ceremonially served tea and delicious little rice cakes. Another geisha joined the first one and they were on their best behavior. One played a flute and the other sang as she tickled a one-string banjo. It was very formal. Kwilajashi had vanished somewhere and four or five little dolls brought us the goodies.

Then, the tea things were whisked away.

"Next, the bath, Lieutenant," the geisha told me. "The servants will assist you to cleanse the stains of war on your body. Later we shall try to eradicate the scars which your conduct has caused on your soul."

I stared at her, trying to figure out what she meant.

"My conduct? All I've done is fly an airplane, drop bombs on ships and shoot down a couple of your fighters."

The geisha stared haughtily, the other one who hadn't spoken any English so far, stared with open hostility now.

"You are enemy. When bath is finished, Amkino, and I, Danshari, will discuss your status at greater length."

The apprentice geishas didn't dig this bit in English so they laughingly escorted me from the luxurious room where we'd had tea through beautifully arranged and decorated passageways and suites. A sliding door admitted us to the pool. I'd never seen anything like it anywhere in the U.

There were two pools, one steaming hot, the other cool and clear. In addition there was a weird looking shower to one side. Here they stopped me and started to help me get out of my flight suit, shoes, stockings, everything.

When I was just as naked as they were, they broke into a lot of chattering conversation and I could tell from their looks and a couple of inquiring touches what they were talking about. I was sort of embarrassed. I mean after seven months and all.

But they were pretty well disciplined and I was pretty well disappointed because they just soaped me down, not getting noticeably affectionate about it, then rinsed me and urged me into the heated pool. I tell you, if you've never been in a hot Japanese pool, you don't know how it feels to be *boiled*! I actually became convinced that several necessary appendages wouldn't ever work again!

Then, just in time, they got me out of the boiling pool over into the cool pool. After the first shock to my superheated body, it felt tremendous! And then the girls ganged up on me, putting me on a low table and giving me a rub-down with oils, something that stung, then powdering me with a very fragrant powder.

I made a discovery along the way. I hadn't been boiled too long in the hot pool after all!

Now, they gave me my shoes back and my dogtags but they wouldn't let me have my flight suit of skivvies. I didn't feel very dignified as they trotted me from the bathing area through the rooms to where the geisha were waiting.

Three of them waited now. As I entered, they were kneeling and they each bowed low, their noses touching the floor. I stood there jaybird-naked, feeling like a fool!

The one named Amkino turned her head slightly and peeked as they bowed and somehow I got the idea that she didn't exactly think of me as a monster like the others did. Well, she didn't think of me as an *enemy*, put it that way!

The geisha named Danshari who seemed to be in charge straightened up and clapped her hands. The other girls got to their feet.

Each one took an arm and led me across the room where two lender cords dangled from the ceiling.

They positioned me beneath these. Amkino stood on a little step-stool, the folds of her rich garments brushing against me. On impulse I pressed my face closer to her slender body and felt her stiffen, then she rubbed very subtly against me.

However, what she was doing wasn't subtle. She raised my left hand and expertly looped the cord around my wrist, tying it so that when I tensed against it the loop became tighter. Then, she tied my other wrist to the cord so that I was stretched toward the ceiling.

The other geisha did the honors with similar cords attached to fastenings in the floor. Danshari had watched all this happening, then she came over, no expression on her face at all, and touched a slender leather whip against my abdomen.

It didn't move me until I felt the prick of sharp steel encased in the whip. I flinched back, tripping myself on the ties around my ankles, but I couldn't fall. I dangled from my wrists for a moment in agony, then struggled to regain my balance and stand on my feet again.

"Now, lieutenant," the geisha intoned, handing her whip to Amkino, "you will be punished for your hideous crimes against my people."

She undid the bow at her waist, the geisha gown swung open, and I saw that beneath it she was nearly stark naked! Once again, despite the pain I was in and my fear of what was to come, I found myself in an embarrassing situation.

This infuriated Danshari!

She snatched at a whip on a low table nearby, her face contorted with hatred.

"Decadent Yankee animal!" she spat and swung the whip!

A streak of raw fire burned across my hip and abdomen. Danshari swung the whip again, crisscrossing the first raw wheel, and then she was savagely cutting me into raw meat!

Somehow, even though I cringed whimpered, the condition which had infuriated her still persisted! I wished it would stop, but the sight of Danshari, nearly naked, (Continued from page 48)



GAIL STEVENS "GORGEOUS GAIL"

The first thing you're absolutely certain of, you don't have any doubts whatsoever, it never enters your mind not to believe in, Gorgeous Gail Stevens is DEFINITELY, POSITIVELY, one hundred percent, NOT A BOY!

There's a certain something about Gail, an aura of femininity, a subtle emanation which tells you immediately that she's a member of the Fair Sex! Besides her long hair and earrings and beads, there's something else. . .





Sure, you've noticed them too, these dainty feminine characteristics! Look at her, fellas. Savor those sleek curves. Drool over that firm flesh. Rejoice over those lovely eyes, that inviting smile, her pensive air! She's been an artist's model but so far no artist has ever completed a painting! Each time she poses, they propose, she refuses, and they have a breakdown! Wotta way to go!

THE HIPPIES RAPED ME-- AND THEN MADE ME PAY!



of the things I did with and to the women I had weren't very pretty.

Then I met Emily. I cleaned up the mess of my life, went to church with her regularly (and tried not to be caught ogling the women in the congregation), and subsequently went into business. Twenty years and three children later, I'm about as dull a character as you're apt to find at any Rotary or C. of C. luncheon.

Inside, though, I haven't changed. There's a motel I drive to about twice a month where I know a fairly pretty young prostitute will be waiting. I take fantastic pains not to be caught and so far I've been lucky. There have been a few women I've met in my store who let me know they'd be delighted to have a little extra-marital fun but I avoided going all the way with them. It seemed safe enough but each time I backed down at the last minute.

I've told you this so you'd understand the kind of man I seem to be and the kind I really am. I'm a sex watcher. I almost go out of my mind when I take the family to the beach and see all that gorgeous unclad flesh wandering around but I hide my feelings and nobody seems to know about this hidden me.

This miniskirt craze has almost unmasked me, though. On a sum-

mer day when the beautiful girls are wearing thigh-high skirts, I can't help gaping. In my store, I casually maneuver so that I watch the chicks browse up and down the aisles, reaching high for something on the top shelf squatting to get things down low. It's too much and I've been driven on several occasions to make an unscheduled trip out to the motel.

My teen-aged daughter's friends are another source of temptation. I put a concrete pool in my back yard a year ago and the kids all hang out back there. I mean some of them really do hang out. The way they make bathing suits today, it's a wonder there isn't a mass rape daily at the public beaches.

So, that's what I'm like. A middle-aged, slightly paunchy slightly balding citizen who pretends to be dull, highly moral, and a pillar of the church. I own a 1960 Buick, the expensive four-door hardtop, and I'm the last man in town you'd expect to get involved with three teen-aged hippies.

I've seen these three particular girls before. I park my Buick on the street behind the store and it's after six each evening when I lock the back door of the store and start home.

The girls loiter there. They wear bell-bottomed slacks skintight across their bottoms, sandals or barefoot, and various sweat-shirts, a man's shirt unbuttoned to the waist, or a T-shirt with absolutely nothing underneath. I see them fifty or sixty feet down the street from my hardware store and they've seen me each time I left the store. Just around the corner there's a luncheonette and I've often thought that they've been in there and are going to go back, for some mysterious reason of their own.

The evening it happened, I left the store with my briefcase loaded with monthly bills and bank records. I intended to go over then that night. As I locked the store and checked the burglar alarm, I noticed it was raining slightly.

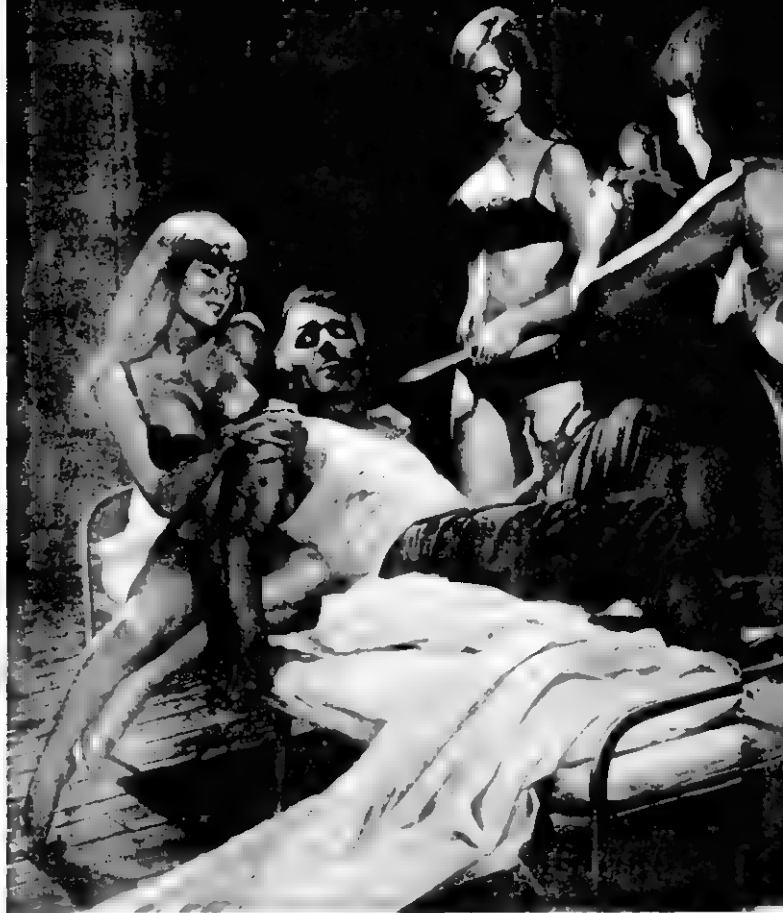
The first thought I had was the three hippies won't be there. I chased that thought and headed for the car, hurrying wondering if

I'm a married man with three children and I own a small hardware store in a town in Massachusetts. I belong to the Rotary Club the Chamber of Commerce, and I'm a deacon in my church. I'm a really solid citizen. Ask anyone who knows me.

It's all a front, though. Deep down, I'm the same man I was twenty years ago when I drank too much, slept with every girl I could get into bed, and some

When the hippie pulled the knife on

him, he went limp with fear... but he recovered quickly





we'd get enough rain to benefit the parched lawn.

When I passed, fumbling with my keys to open the door, it suddenly opened from inside. I yanked it open and looked in and saw them!

"Hope you don't mind, Daddio," the hippie in front said, sliding back across the front seat to give me room. "It's wet out and your car happened to be open."

My pulse was pounding already but I tried to recall if I'd forgotten to lock one of the doors. A detective told me later that it isn't very difficult to unlock a door in a hardtop sedan like mine. Anyhow, I slid inside and looked at the hippy who'd spoken to me first. She had long straight hair, the weird kind of make-up the kids wear nowadays, and her body was something else. The way she sat with those pants taut around her thighs and absolutely skin tight across her abdomen and between her legs. I decided she couldn't possibly be wearing underwear underneath. As she leaned back with her arm on the back of the seat, I didn't have to guess about the brassiere. She definitely didn't have one on.

Her eyes were on me as I glanced covertly at her body and then met hers. She knew how I felt, all right and when she opened her lips slightly and ran her tongue across them she was letting me know that she was available.

I turned quickly, remembering there were always three of them. Sure enough, the other two were in the back seat. They were totally relaxed, grinning at me and I felt myself getting excited and a little frightened at what was beginning to happen.

"It's nice and cosy in here," she said. She stretched, those twin beauties straining the man's shirt she had on. It was a little wet, wet enough to be semi-transparent, and I could see the darker aureoles of her breasts clearly. No bra on her either.

I had to regain control of the situation and fast!

"Getting into someone else's car is illegal," I said sternly. "However... it is raining out... and

I'll give you a lift anywhere you want to go."

"That's really decent of you, sir," the girl in front told me, very respectful, big-eyed and contrite. "We want to go to Hazelhurst and we don't have the bus fare. Could you...?"

I opened my mouth to refuse to tell them to get out, but I didn't say it. I didn't want them to leave. My pulse was pounding because they were in the car with me and my brain was racing as I tried to think of what I should do next.

If there weren't three of them. Two wouldn't be impossible and one would've been perfect but here they were, three hippies who acted and talked like they'd go for anything I suggested.

"We'd really appreciate a ride to Hazelhurst," one of the girls in back was suddenly murmuring in my ear. "I mean... we're very grateful types. Dad: know what I mean?"

She bit my ear then. I mean it. Her sharp teeth nipped my earlobe gently and I almost jumped right through the roof.

"Stop it, Olga!" the girl in front said but she was laughing as my eyes met mine. "You'll have to watch Olga, Dad. She's a real cannibal!"

If I'd had any doubts before, they vanished when Olga bit my ear. I put the key in the ignition and started the car.

"All right, girls, I'll take you to Hazelhurst," I said.

The girl in front laughed happily and slid across the seat toward me. Olga in the back seat leaned forward and hugged me back against her twin delights and I turned my head to keep from being nibbled on again.

"This is great, Dad," the girl beside me murmured. "It's sort of romantic with the rain and all."

I just drove, feeling the warmth of her thigh and breast against my side.

"I get all turned on when it rains like this," the non-nibbler in back said and I slanted a quick look back toward her and saw her writhing and touching herself.

This was getting to be too much. I looked at the girl next to me and my brain was numb. I couldn't think of what to say or do.

"Do...do you girls always stick together?" I inquired and she knew exactly what I meant.

"Uh uh. Sometimes they have dates with some man, you know," she said, her voice low, just for my ears. "I've had to go back to Hazelhurst alone more than once."

She dropped her hand to my leg, halfway above my knee.

"Would you give me a ride home if they weren't with me?" she asked softly.

I didn't look at her but I nodded slightly and she squeezed my leg and slid her hand a little higher. Suddenly Olga squealed, right behind me. She leaned forward, breathing in my ear again, and dangled something in front of my eyes.

"Look what I've got, Dad!" she said jubilantly. "The room is paid for until tomorrow morning."

I grabbed it. It looked like a motel room key, the kind with a big plastic tab chained to the regular small key. I took my eyes from the rainswept road to Hazelhurst and looked at it. VALLEY LODGE it said. I knew the place. Not very new or well maintained, it always looked empty when I drove past.

"The room's at one end now—where near the office," Olga said sibilantly in my ear. "Look, I left my...some things there. Could you stop and let me pick them up?"

The girl up front with me looked pleadingly at me.

"Give her a break, mister," she said. "If her folks find out she left her underwear someplace again, her old man will break her back."

There I was with three young girls in the car, leaning on me, nibbling at me, and writhing at me. I never doubted for a minute that I'd stop at the Valley Lodge Motel. There wasn't a car anywhere near the end room of the motel Olga pointed out to me. The moment the car stopped, Olga dashed for the door, throwing it open. The other girl in the back seat, Diana dashed in after her.

I sat there in the car with one hippie and watched her lean over and very deliberately turn off the ignition. In a trance, I watched her remove the key and

then start backing toward the door on her side.

"Wait a minute!" I protested.

"What do you think you're doing?"

She was backed against the door, her eyes on mine, smiling a little. "Let's go inside a few moments, Dad," she murmured huskily.

I wanted to. I never wanted anything as much in my life but twenty years of fear and caution couldn't be forgotten that quickly. I lunged for her, trying to get the key.

"I'll take the key!" I growled, my left hand pawing for her hand, my right arm pulling her toward me. She came to me easily, all rounded flesh and my hands seemed to find the most exciting places to touch! I had one hand, then both, but when I opened them, they were empty. "Where is it?"

She giggled, leaning that incredible body against me.

"Find it," she laughed.

I was starting to get scared and a little angry.

"If you don't give me the key, I'll call the police!" I threatened. The minute I said it I was sorry and the laughter went out of her eyes. But my bluff didn't work.

"You'll be a little embarrassed explaining things, mister," she said coolly. "Don't get all uptight about the key. I only took it because I've got to use the john inside and I don't want you driving away on us."

The girl was right, of course. I'd never go to the police. Helplessly, I watched her open the door and jump for the open motel room doorway. I resisted the impulse to leap out after her. I didn't want to go in that room. That is, I did want to, but I was afraid.

I sat in the car. I couldn't even play the radio. Five minutes passed, each minute a century long. Ten minutes went by and I could hear music from inside and one of them singing, then a shriek of girlish laughter. It was almost seven o'clock now and Emily would raise hell when I got home. What could I tell her? I had to wait for three hippies outside their motel room?

One louder burst of laughter made me forget my fear. I looked around. It was nearly dark now, there wasn't a car within

a hundred feet, no one would see me. I opened the car door leaped for the motel, burst through the door, slammed it behind me!

Olga, the nibbler, was drying her hair near the door, totally naked. The sight of her gorgeous young body almost turned me to stone! Then, Diana saw me and screamed with delight.

"Olga, he's here!" she shrieked. "I only said a second ago. Dads if you were in here, I'd have myself a ball with you!"

Diana leaped for me, her arms going around my neck but I wanted no part of their kind of love-in! I stiff-armed her hard, dumping her on one of the beds, then went on into the bathroom. I wanted the girl with the key! "Ellie, he's after you!" one of them yelled the warning just as the girl turned to face me. My car keys were on the shelf below the medicine cabinet and I leaped for them. So did she.

Ellie was quicker. She snatched the keys, then ducked as I tried to grab her and leaped through the door into the room beyond. I went after her.

I ran right into a long, sharp knife pointed at my stomach!

Diana held it and she wasn't laughing or horny now! She looked mean as a bitch wolf with pups and she held that blade like she knew how to use it! I stopped abruptly, quiveringly, scared *splitless!* "Cool it, Dads," Diana purred. "Simmer down. Ellie, let's let this man have a little fun with us, one at a time."

She leaned the knife point against me a little and I felt the pain as it broke the skin. Then, I felt the blood begin to trickle down my stomach inside my shirt. I looked down and saw the stain. Diana looked too and laughed, nudging me with the knife point again.

"Better shuck the shirt, Dads," she suggested. "We don't want you all bloodied up when you leave here!"

Dazedly, I began unbuttoning the shirt. Olga was still nearly naked and her eyes were shining as she watched me remove my shirt. "That's it, Dads. Take it all off!"

I shook my head, confused, but very sure I wasn't going to make

love to any of them with the others present.

"You girls are crazy!" I protested weakly. Diana nicked me again with the knife and this time the blood flowed even faster.

"If we're crazy, then you're in pretty big trouble Dads," she snapped. I stepped away from the knife this time but then Olga's naked body was against me. *Whata trap!*

"You're going to get carved up bad, Dad," Diana purred and I noticed her eyes then. Red-rimmed and creepy-looking. She was on some kind of pill or maybe high on marihuana. "If you don't take care of Olga, you'll lose your family jewels!"

They laughed at this line. I didn't. I knew I was in very real danger. Olga saw my eyes and she knew the fight was out of me. She stepped close and began undoing my belt. I just stood there like a fool and let her slide my trousers and shorts down to the floor.

Then, she kissed me!

Her sleek, vibrant body melted against mine. At first I couldn't think about Olga, I was still remembering that needle-like knife Diana had held but as Olga's tongue started doing tricks, I forgot anyone else was in the room.

I mean I really forgot! I was up there floating around on Cloud 9 as they used to say in my heyday and then there was a bright flash and another and another. The third time it happened, I was beginning to think again and I knew what was happening.

Someone had taken my picture! Not just once, three times!

I slowly rolled over on my side and looked. The girl, Ellie, was replacing a burned out flash bulb, and I was still gaping as she raised the camera again and snapped my picture!

"Come on, Ellie, have a heart," I said pleadingly. "If anyone sees these pictures I may as well kill myself."

She laughed. "You won't kill yourself, you lecherous old bastard!" She answered. "Okay, Olga... you take the knife, Diana, it's your turn on the workbench!"

A moment later, Diana was completely naked and Olga held the knife. Just to remind me, she

rammed it about half an inch into my buttock, laughing gleefully when I groaned with pain.

"Get down to work, lover," she ordered and I laughed.

"Sorry. If you had three knives you couldn't force me to something I'm unable to do!"

Diana came closer, smiling wickedly. "You're able, Dads. You'll see."

About two minutes I did see. Diana had proved to me that a little experience plus an absolutely sensational figure could work wonders on a tired man. Ellie took three more pictures, detailed and intimate, as Diana and I went the route, then they all changed places once again. Ellie took Diana's place beside me and Diana took the pictures.

Ellie was different. She liked to tease, to kiss and caress me, to nibble and kiss and tickle. They had a quart of brandy and we each had a tall drink of it. Gradually and this time it was my own idea, I was getting ready for another session.

Olga had tossed the knife aside when my arms were around Ellie. She just watched, enjoying it almost as much as Ellie and I. Diana took some pictures, of course, but finally she came over on the bed beside us, sharing in the great joy we simultaneously attained!

No one protested when I got up and went into the bathroom to take a shower. The hot and then cold water cleared my head and I realized that I was a ruined man if the three hippies chose to let those photographs get around. I had to get them back before it was too late.

I peered from the bathroom door. The camera was on a bureau, none of the three were near it. I watched my chance, then leaped for it. As my hands closed around it, I backed quickly toward the bathroom, fumbled with the unfamiliar camera for a moment, then got it open. I gaped. There wasn't any film inside!

Then, there was a polite tap on the door.

"Come out and dress, Dads," Ellie called. "We've still got to get to Hazlehurst and you don't want to get home too late."

I didn't know what to think. I

went back outside, giving the camera to Ellie who took it and expertly slipped it into a case.

"There's no film in it," I said stupidly.

She nodded and smiled a little. "I removed it when you went in the john. You'll never find it where I've got it hidden."

Olga was dressed and she came over to me. Her eyes were soft now and she looked very pretty.

"My brother is a photography bug and I know how to develop prints from the negatives. No one will see the pictures of you except us." I dressed and combed my hair. My mind a blank. I didn't know what to do. I was plenty shook in more ways than one but I'd just balled it with three gorgeous young girls and even though I knew I should be miserable there were parts of me that were happy as hell!

"Okay, kids, let's go," I said when I was ready. Like three obedient children, they filed out to the car. The rain had stopped and it was dark now. I looked at my watch.

It was nine-thirty!

Ellie rode up front with me once more, Diana and Olga got in back. I wheeled the car onto the highway, heading toward Hazlehurst, and after the car got rolling, Ellie slid over next to me, caressing me in a way that made me feel terrific, then she reached into my jacket and took out my wallet.

"I hope you're loaded, Ralph," Ellie said and I felt a jolt of fear when she used my right name. "We're out of bread and you're going to have to help us out a little. You don't mind, do you?"

"Mind? You're damned right I mind!" I snapped. Olga leaned across the seat, holding the flash camera out where I could see it. I folded like a tent. "Take what's there," I said lamely.

"You've got eighty bucks, Dads," Ellie said after a moment of counting with my map light on. "We'll take sixty, that's twenty apiece. So you won't have to go home broke."

I turned to look at her and I smiled.

"I don't mind, sixty bucks," I said truthfully. "I guess I had sixty bucks, worth of fun in fact."

Diana laughed, leaning into the act too.

"Don't get too gushy, Dads. The sixty is just the first payment. We three want fifty apiece by Friday afternoon. We'll be at the same place, same time. And that's not all."

They had a regular packaged deal set up. This sixty plus one-fifty more on Friday. Plus, if I knew any of my acquaintances who might hold still for the same deal? Shamelessly I told them about J.L. Barton who ran the giftware shop near my store. He was as horny as a goat and he could well afford what the girls would nick him for! I had an idea he'd be grateful for being victimized.

They made me pay for eleven weeks. But one or two and occasionally all three of them made sure I didn't regret giving them the money. We did some crazy things together. They whipped me a few times. I found out Diana loved to be spanked, then made love to, and we sometimes put on an orgy that left me as limp as an old rag!

They were caught by the state police in a raid on the Valley View Motel eleven weeks after I met them. I was sure they'd mention my name or worse, the state police would find the photographs they'd taken of me.

A few days after their arrest, I received a plain envelope with my name on it in the mail at the store. When I opened it there was one sheet of notepaper.

Dear Ralph, it began. Relax, you don't have anything to worry about. There never was any film in the camera that night at the motel. The girls asked me to say hello for them and we're all going to miss the good times we had with you.

Love from us,
Ellie, Olga & Diana.

I'm out of it, right? In the clear. After I think about it a long time, I make a phone call to find out who their lawyer will be and then go to the bank. The three hundred dollar bills I mail to their lawyer won't be traced and it may help.

I know, I'm a sucker. But they made me pretty goddam happy for awhile, and some day, who knows? We may meet again!

MURPH THE SURF - GOLDEN BOY OF CRIME!

(Continued from page 27)

graphs of the exterior and one taken from a great height.

Murph the Surf had finally gone under!

But anyone with any human insight at all could have told you that Murphy was not a boy to be kept down on the prison farm after he'd seen the bright lights.

Gone for a scant two years but not forgotten by his pals, Murph the Surf carefully plotted his future course—the steps "up" the ladder in his sordid quest for the top of the underworld.

But even the rough 'n' tumble, give-no-quarter Murphy could not have foreseen what a calamitous road he was traveling, or that the last stop would be the dark, murky waters of Whiskey Creek.

On the night of Friday, December 8, 1967, a festive fishing cruiser carrying three girls and two men rocked its way jubilantly through the Intercoastal Waterway, toward Whiskey Creek, an angry stream not far from Port Everglades.

The clowning and laughing came to a sudden and shrill end when one girl, her eyes filling with terror, pointed to a spot in the distance and cried out, "My God, those are feet sticking out of the water. Someone's drowned!"

As the boat sped to the spot the girl was pointing to, the moonlight continued to lick the flapping waves around what was now a definitely observable body.

Not choosing to make any positive identifications themselves, the party sped back to shore, notified police and directed them back to the grisly scene. The police launch pulled alongside the body and Sergeant Glen Lytle and Detective James Prigodich pulled it to the surface. With spotlights from the launch beating down, the victim appeared to be a once beautiful, shapely brunette dressed in a black, frilly bikini. Around her neck was a white double-strand extension-type electrical cord. On the other end of the wire was a cement block, which had been used as an anchor.

Police autopsy later revealed that she had been killed by a single

bullet shot, which entered the top of the brunette's left shoulder vertically, ranged downward through her chest and lodged in the left lung. Apparently the murderer had stood directly above her when the fatal shot was fired.

"The girl might have been kneeling when she was shot," noted one of the detectives.

In addition to the two stab wounds in the abdomen, she had been beaten severely. She suffered skull fractures.

This girl was Annelie Maria Mohn, 21 years old, born in Germany and a resident of the United States since she was 11.

Police combed the creek bed and waters for additional clues. Not far from the first body they found the second sickening sight. This was the pitifully wrecked body of Terrie Rae Kent Frank, 23. As in the case of Annelie, Terrie Rae had a double-strand electrical cord around her throat, to which was attached a cement block. She also wore a black lace bikini, size 38-C.

According to the post-mortem, Terrie had been killed by a hard blow to the head, probably inflicted by a sharp, heavy object. The blow caused a deep cut and a massive skull fracture. She had been stabbed in the abdomen four times, but the wounds were not enough to have caused death.

Dr. R. K. Haugen, who conducted the autopsy, reported: "No vital organs were injured in the stabbings." He added:

"The older girl (Terrie) probably died later than the younger one. The older girl's face and body were bruised, indicating a struggle. The younger brunette's body bore no such marks.

"Neither girl was sexually molested.

"The bodies were in the water at least eight hours before they were discovered," Dr. Haugen said.

As in the Star of India heist, it was a man concerned about Murph the Surf's girl that brought about his downfall.

This time it was a taxi-driver, Donald Prince. He had met the girls weeks earlier, after they'd been kicked out of their apartment in Bal Harbour and needed a place to stay. Prince offered his place. The girls accepted.

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WHEN YOU GRADUATE



"The girls were being given a pretty rough time by two guys," Prince reportedly told police. "I didn't know who they were, but I tried to help them. The girls were really afraid."

Taking additional fragments of information from other witnesses who knew the two girls when they were staying with Prince, the trail eventually led to a spiffy 22-foot outboard motorboat secured to a trailer parked outside a row of condominium apartments near 73rd Street in Miami Beach. The boat was registered to Howard Benish, a resident of the building. Upon interviewing the 65-year-old businessman, police learned that the boat had been loaned the preceding weekend to two acquaintances.

One of the alleged men was Jack "Murph the Surf" Murphy.

Still looking for a motive for the murder, lawmen checked on the girls when they lived and worked in Los Angeles. They were known to have associated with underworld characters there. Since they worked for a brokerage firm, Investigating Lieutenant Fred Rohloff asked if any negotiable securities were missing. An audit turned up the startling discovery that \$489,732 had in fact disappeared.

A further check on Terrie Rae and Annelie revealed that while in Los Angeles they were friendly to two characters named Jack "Murph the Surf" Murphy and his pal, Allan Kuhn, both fresh from their two years in prison for the Star of India theft. Police then theorized the girls had been killed aboard the motorboat over an argument of the disarming of the stocks.

The walls were beginning to close in on Murphy, but credit him with coolness under fire. Ten days after the crime, his attorney, Harvey St. Jean telephoned Lieutenant Rohloff and said: "Murphy is available any time you want to talk to him."

Murphy himself was exuding even more confidence.

"If I had anything to worry about concerning my innocence," he told a crowd of reporters, "you can bet I wouldn't have turned myself in." This after the grand jury had handed down two first-degree murder indictments, one

issued against the handsome 30-year-old ex-beachboy, the other against his pal, Jack Ananias Griffith, also 30.

This was not the first time, however, that Murphy had assumed the stance of the sublimely innocent. Shortly after his name had been mentioned in connection with the Star of India robbery, Murphy and his pal Kuhn boarded a plane in Miami and flew to New York to turn themselves in for the hearing.

"I hope they catch those thieves fast," he told reporters. "I'm supposed to be surfing in Hawaii now!"

He and Kuhn were not above clowning about the theft of the Star of India either.

Before leaving Miami for New York, they referred to Murphy's pearl tie pin as "The Star of Istanbul."

When confronted by New York reporters, Murphy was asked if that indeed was "The Star of Istanbul" he was wearing in his tie.

"Nah," he said, "this is The Star of Afghanistan!"

The beginning of the end might have started for Murph the Surf on Sunday, January 30, 1968—only six weeks after the revelation of the double-murder. On that day, he was arrested when police trapped him and three alleged accomplices in an attempted holdup of the home of Olive Wofford, a wealthy socialite whose home is in Miami Beach's "Millionaire's Row."

Four men had forced their way into the 19-room mansion on Pine Tree drive. At gunpoint, the desperadoes held captive the wealthy socialite, her eight-year-old niece and a nursemaid. While the thugs demanded that Olive Wofford open a safe, she managed to push a secret button which set off an alarm at police headquarters.

(In describing the ordeal later, the socialite told police, "They threatened to pour scalding water over my eight-year-old niece!")

Police responded immediately to the alarm and arrived at the home just as the desperadoes were about to make their getaway. In the gun battle which ensued, Murph the Surf tried to make his exit by crashing through the French window. He sustained

many cuts on his face and body and was given first aid before being charged with robbery and breaking and entering.

And so while the curtain might not yet have dropped fully on the incredible life of Murph the Surf, the same police officials who just months ago would have taken no bets against his getting off, are now sitting back pretty well convinced that this Golden Boy of Crime has acquired a deadly tarnish to his looks and reputation.

"He's still got an awful lot of charisma," one Miami police official was moved to say, "but a helluva lot of good it's going to do him now from where he'll be!"

I WAS THE LOVE SLAVE OF THE GEISHA!

(Continued from page 37)

slashing with that ship, her breasts bobbing with each stroke, her beautifully muscled body moving gracefully. I couldn't help my obvious reaction!

Amkino saved me! She was horrified at what was happening, and suddenly leaped in front of me, stopping Danshuri in mid-stroke!

Danshuri spat something at her but Amkino was defiant. They jabbered away for a moment, then Danshuri nodded and set her whip aside. Still naked, the beautiful geisha looked at me.

"My friend, Amkino, cautions me against being overly zealous in this punishment, Lieutenant," she said. "Our exalted benefactors, the Japanese generals and admirals, will decide your fate when next they favor us with a visit."

Amkino untied my hands while the other chick took the cords off my feet. Amkino managed to brush against me a couple times while she was at it and I almost grabbed her right then!

"You volunteered your parole a short time ago, Lieutenant," Danshuri said presently. "The conditions of an ordinary parole do not suite me. Instead, you will be my personal prisoner and subject to my command. You understand and agree?"

I nodded. She had the whip, me, and I was unarmed.

Danshuri burbled a little lap

at one of the servants, then spat a few phrases at Amikino and the one I called Iukujan later. They bowed and backed from the room.

"Are you in great pain, lieutenant?" Danaburi inquired. Her appraising look didn't miss a thing and she suddenly smiled. "I do not believe you to be injured to a disabling extent."

I saw her glance and I got the message. A moment later when the servant returned with a small table which he set near a bunch of pillows on the floor, I was sure of it. Danaburi sat and basted herself heating some sake over a little burner and then she served me with the hot rice wine and had some herself.

It was delicious. And stimulating, know what I mean. She played her little one-stringed guitar a little, sang me a song in words I couldn't understand, and went through the whole geisha routine.

Now, with an expression on her face, she ruse, her right hand hidden behind her back. She was still nearly naked as she stepped closer and suddenly smashed the whip down across my back!

The pain almost broke me up. I stared at her, rage boiling like red-hot lava in my guts.

"Now, Yankee pig, make love to me!"

Suddenly, I didn't want to punch her after all! What I wanted was rape and I really went at her like an animal! She moaned and clawed at me, bit and struck at my face and she had a ball! We weren't making love, we were locked in deadly combat and I had a funny fear that one of us was going to die from too much of a good, good thing!

But we didn't die. We fell asleep. They left me alone and I slept the clock around, then the kids came and dragged me off to be boiled again. After the bath, they gave me sort of an oversized jockstrap to wear and after I ate they pushed me out the door indicating with gestures that I had the run of the place. When I started walking toward the beach, however, a little girl with a big, big gun showed it to me and I turned back.

The women were watching for something. Girls with Jap binoculars were scanning the skies and

the harbors, looking for planes or ships. The second day I was there Kwilajashi told me what was going on. She was wearing a kimono this time and was strolling in The Tranquil Grove when we met.

"What are they looking for, Santa Claus and his reindeer?" I asked.

This puzzled her until she decided to ignore my funny and answered the question.

For five weeks honorable admirals are expected," the apprentice geisha murmured, looking around to see if we were observed. "There is riot of admirals and generals. Kawinishi was to come three weeks ago. Sugiyui is next. Janhuri also, and..."

I was beginning to understand. And I knew why their boy friends were showing up on schedule to have a little...uh... recreation.

Admiral Kawinishi had been aboard a Japanese carrier when it was sunk in the South China Sea. General Sugiyui was captured on Isumo, he wouldn't be around. The Third Fleet was prowling these waters and no admiral or general in his right mind was going to come hippity-hopping around Roki Jima, no matter how horny he got!

"I just winked at Kwilajashi. They won't show, honey."

Her eyes widened. She knew what I meant and she believed I was telling the truth.

"The war it goes badly for Japan?"

I nodded and made a fist, extended my rigid thumb, and turned it over, pointing at the ground. She understood me.

"Soon, it will all be over," I answered quietly.

Tears came into her eyes. She digested this information, sighed deeply, and then dimpled a smile through her tears at me.

The American conquerors... will they be gentle with their Japanese victims?" she asked softly.

We enjoyed The Tranquil Grove for an hour or so, then she slipped her kimono back on and dozed off. Just in time too as one of the younger apprentices came along and summoned me to Danaburi's suite.

I groaned at the thought of further demands on my failing

physique but this time Danaburi wanted conversation not service.

She had tea waiting and more of the delicious hot sake.

"Tell me about the war, Lieutenant," Danaburi ordered after I'd had a couple belts of their rice drink.

I told them what I know, careful not to give her any information that might be helpful if the admirals heard it. She was shocked as she heard about The Battle of Leyte (self in which half of the Jap Navy went to the bottom. I described how our carrier planes were driving the Jap fighters from the skies and how soon we would invade the Japanese home islands.

She didn't cry as Kwilajashi had. She heard me out and sent me away. A day later, she sent for me again and this time she used the whip. She made me serve three of them hot sake, bowing and crawling each time they beckoned to me. Afterward, I was whipped and then Amikino drove me to her sleeping room where I was forced to do fur bidding.

It went on like that. I was whipped repeatedly and then forced to make love to them. Despite the fact that I was fed, the diet was fish and rice and I was losing weight. Later on, when I submitted my report to Naval Intelligence, the comment generally was "what a lovely way to die!" but even if I was going to die happy, I'd still be dumb and that I didn't like!

It was July, 1945, only a few weeks before the end of the war, when things came to a head. Several times flights of F4U Corsairs thundered across the island but they didn't come down low. Danaburi was changing in those weeks. She ran to me for comfort, cooing softly to me now, and I told her none of them would be harmed by American fighting men.

"I'm here on the island," I assured her. "and when a ship does come along, I'll explain that your girls were held here against your will. I'll lie a little and say I was always well treated. I won't tell them how you whipped me, Danaburi!"

But an American ship didn't arrive first. A small Jap cargo ship.

really a courier vessel, arrived one night after midnight. The first jolting I had that all was not well was an agonizing kick in the stomach, delivered while I was sound asleep.

I rolled over in agony, raising my thigh just in time to save my genitals by another savage kick. I looked up through a haze of pain and saw the Japanese officer standing over me.

Hatred blazed in his eyes. Slowly, he reached across to the Nambu holstered at his left hip and drew it.

"I ki' you, Joe," he hissed. That Nambu muzzled looked like a cannon as it lined up exactly on my right eye. I actually saw his finger start to tighten on the trigger and I cringed as I could imagine the bullet tearing through my flesh.

It didn't tear my flesh. Deshuri took the bullet meant for me. She'd been beside him and dropped across my body as he fired. He spat a guttural curse at me and stepped aside to get another shot at me. He died there. Kwilainahi shot him from behind.

She grabbed me and we ran together out into the night. Behind us another gun roared. I learned in the morning that the Jap crewmen were trying to force the guissha and apprentice aboard the courier ship and they refused to go, fighting them with guns and knives, escaping into the vegetation.

The boat left an hour later. They had reason to run. At dawn, we saw ships on the horizon and before noon a destroyer escort had dropped anchor off-shore and a delighted lieutenant (j.g.) was shaking my hand.

The swabbies didn't miss their chance. Those black-eyed little girls had them off in the bushes before you could wink. Only Kwit-njashi stayed near me and I explained how all of them had befriended me and saved my life.

That's about it. They saved me but I wasn't exactly delighted to be back aboard the carrier a few days later. I tried to tell my shipmates what had happened on the island but none of them believed me.

One thing, though I still had the scars from the whippings when the medics examined me at

WILL YOU SPEND \$2 TO SAVE YOUR HAIR?

"We shall try to see whether
 there are any other ways of
 doing things than the way we
 are doing them now. We shall
 try to see whether there are any
 other ways of doing things than
 the way we are doing them now.
 We shall try to see whether there
 are any other ways of doing things
 than the way we are doing them
 now."

CAN YOU BECOME A PART?

1. The first step in the process of the
 2. is to determine the scope of the
 3. project. This involves identifying the
 4. objectives, the scope of the project,
 5. the resources available, and the
 6. timeline. Once the scope is determined,
 7. the next step is to develop a project
 8. plan. This plan should outline the
 9. tasks to be completed, the sequence
 10. of those tasks, and the resources
 11. required for each task. The project
 12. plan should also include a timeline
 13. and a budget. Once the project plan
 14. is developed, the next step is to
 15. implement the plan. This involves
 16. assigning tasks to team members,
 17. monitoring progress, and making
 18. adjustments as needed. Finally, the
 19. project should be evaluated. This
 20. involves comparing the actual results
 21. to the planned results and identifying
 22. areas for improvement.

[illegible]

China's political institutions - the source of the great majority of cases of torture and ill-treatment that may be said to exist in the world - have not yet been altered or abolished.



DOUBLE MONEY BACK QUARTER

1. The first step is to identify the main components of the system. This includes the hardware, software, and data.

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 went-looking bundle into one
 manner, no powerful and so
 mind that he has been called the
 Perfectly Developed Man of All Times
 There did he make the amazing transfor-
 tion that was his the longest night in his
 youth; "Mr. America," "Mr. Unbroken"
 and "Mr. Olympia." And how did he do
 it so quickly?

Now for the first time Larry reveals his innermost feelings about the gay liberation movement, quick reading. ————— In these two weeks of "sex" we have definitely been made public before methods are revolutionary, so outstanding in the minds they bring that it's almost hard to believe until you try them yourself.

For instance, in some classes I carry this bag and can quickly add 2" x 3" or 5" or 10" or 15" to your "population" this upper body. In another course, he gives you an upper body system that can get up to 5 or 6 or 7 or 8 or 9 or 10 or 11 or 12 or 13 or 14 or 15 or 16 or 17 or 18 or 19 or 20 or 21 or 22 or 23 or 24 or 25 or 26 or 27 or 28 or 29 or 30 or 31 or 32 or 33 or 34 or 35 or 36 or 37 or 38 or 39 or 40 or 41 or 42 or 43 or 44 or 45 or 46 or 47 or 48 or 49 or 50 or 51 or 52 or 53 or 54 or 55 or 56 or 57 or 58 or 59 or 60 or 61 or 62 or 63 or 64 or 65 or 66 or 67 or 68 or 69 or 70 or 71 or 72 or 73 or 74 or 75 or 76 or 77 or 78 or 79 or 80 or 81 or 82 or 83 or 84 or 85 or 86 or 87 or 88 or 89 or 90 or 91 or 92 or 93 or 94 or 95 or 96 or 97 or 98 or 99 or 100 or 101 or 102 or 103 or 104 or 105 or 106 or 107 or 108 or 109 or 110 or 111 or 112 or 113 or 114 or 115 or 116 or 117 or 118 or 119 or 120 or 121 or 122 or 123 or 124 or 125 or 126 or 127 or 128 or 129 or 130 or 131 or 132 or 133 or 134 or 135 or 136 or 137 or 138 or 139 or 140 or 141 or 142 or 143 or 144 or 145 or 146 or 147 or 148 or 149 or 150 or 151 or 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HEINZ C. KREMER, JR., Editor

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END

WOMEN'S PRISONS—

(Continued from page 22)

After that, the lesbian contingent left her alone, and Sally made her adjustment to the boredom and regimentation of prison life without any additional incidents.

The only tough times for Sally were the nights, the long, seemingly endless nights after nine p.m. lights out. She would toss and turn, longing for the touch of a man's body against hers, a man's hands on her breasts, and a man's lips against her lips.

After months of deprivation, it began to matter less to Sally whether the body against hers was a man's. She began to yearn for any intimate contact with another human being she could get, and her thoughts began turning more and more toward her cellmate, a delicately feminine creature named Felice.

Finally, one night when Sally could no longer stand the stirring in her bits, she crept out of her bed and moved across the narrow strip of floor to Felice's cot, her hands shaking as she reached out to touch the younger girl.

To her surprise, Felice was awake and waiting for her to make her first move. They were quickly locked in a close embrace, and all of Sally's pent-up passion took possession of her as she caressed the young body pressed against hers, fingering the younger girl's nipples, and sighing as her hot loins pushed against the soft and yielding ones beneath her. Soon they were both totally nude, and their means of passion filled the night air and joined those leaping from other cells in their building.

When Sally was released two years later, her sexual preference was now almost completely inverted toward her own sex. She attempted to have relations with men, but she found them unsatisfactory, rough, and brutal when compared with those with women.

A few months later, Felice was released from prison, and the two girls took up residence together, Sally being the breadwinner and active partner and Felice the "wife" or passive partner.

Sally is well aware of what prison did to her, and in reflective moments she is quite bitter about her conversion from heterosexuality to homosexuality. She knows in her heart that the lesbian life is one which leads eventually to desperate loneliness and spinsterhood, and she hopes to escape her lot with the help of psychiatry before she gets much older. But psychiatry has little to offer her except moralistic little pop-talks each week until she goes broke paying for the sessions.

Sally's case is not unusual. What began as a temporary substitute for normal sexual relations became a lifetime obsession. In addition to wasting two and a half years of her life in prison, she must pay a terrible price in perverted guilt and self-loathing the remainder of her life.

Cruel and unusual punishment? You be the judge.

SEX ORGIES ON CAMPUS

(Continued from page 20)

interested him.

At one such party, about thirty-five men and twenty-five women attended, most of them college-age, and with a few exceptions all of them were in the nude. Sexual contacts were completely out in the open, as there were no opportunities for anything resembling privacy.

Those who preferred to keep their clothes on were generally considered "squares" by the participants in the orgy, but they were tolerated and some of them got over their initial reluctance later on in the proceedings.

All manner of sexual activities were taking place — oral contacts such as fellatio and cunnilingus were commonplace and both male and female homosexuality were in evidence. The men made those Old Testament fun cities, Sodom and Gomorrah, seem tame by comparison.

Not all of the activities of the

This is an affable revolution, conducted by people who believe they only have a few decades on earth and want to spend them unclothed and in touch with light, air, sun, and other bodies.

The cause of sexual freedom as vital to mental health is also being promoted among college students and the general public by the Esalen Institute, located in Big Sur, a spectacular stretch of California mountains and Pacific Ocean beach. A young man named Michael Murphy has taken a rundown family hotel and lodge and transformed it into a center to explore those trends in religion, philosophy, and the behavioral sciences which emphasize the potentialities of human existence.

One of the activities used to achieve contact between human beings is called "body sensitivity and nonverbal communication" by its teacher, Bernard Gunther, and consists of one person touching another with his fingers and hands while the other remains still. No area of the body is left unexplored, and if this leads to further sexual exploration, no one is particularly offended.

The point of the Esalen Institute lies in its search for an open, freer world. People massage each other; people take the hot-spring baths together and frolic with one another in the nude over spectacular cliffs which look out over the sea.

Meanwhile, back on the campus, the sexual revolutionaries have their various flings. The set-in-inevitably becomes the screw-in, because, in so doing, the collegian can thumb his nose at the Establishment and our puritanical sexual mores at the same time.

Where is it all leading to? Certainly not to parenthood; the Pill takes care of that, and what the Pill means, the friendly off-campus abortionist takes care of.

Is the sexual revolution leading to a breakdown of the society's sexual morality? Not very likely for the revolution has not yet made many inroads into our Puritan ethics.

However, the path is being laid on our college campuses to creating a generation of people who will be sated with sex, who will be unable to combine sex with

any appreciable amount of emotion, who will treat sex as merely another bodily function, like defecation.

This loss of emotion has been given a clever psychiatric name—loss of affect or affectlessness—but that's about all the psychiatrists have been able to contribute, for they have no therapy for it.

As G. Lagman points out in his polemic *The Fake Revolt*, "Cool is the new venereal disease. Cool's total affectlessness, the inability to feel, and the fear of touch, especially in sex. This is a self-perpetuating cultural perversion that, once set in, cannot be cured. The children catch it from the parents: sub-virile Pop and bitch-heroine Mom (dressed in men's clothes), who can only reproduce their kind and who will only pick mates who match their sick neuroses. This is the key to the whole sexual screw-up of our time...."

"Affectless persons deny to themselves that they are responsible for anything, or can even touch anything, and that anything can touch them. They are therefore free to do anything—and they do! This is the essence of what is known psychiatrically as the 'criminal character' and popularly as 'not having any feelings.' It is the essential part of the James Bond fantasy, the perfect spokesman of 'Cool': the body-as-phallus *penisman* or dreamboy of the chairborne commander Walter Mitty, who knocks off two murders in one night, also screws two girls, and blows up the world; and neither the murders, the screwings, nor the blowing up of the world mount a goddamn thing to him."

In other words, the campus and off-campus orgiasts men find the sexual act is meaningless, for they can no longer feel anything about it and the gratification is purely on the surface. And into this emotional vacuum, which is already a part of American life, comes the kind of sexuality found in such cinematographic escapades as the films of Andy Warhol.

One of them, *The Chelsea Girls*, has been advertised widely in college and underground newspapers with this quote from one reviewer: "The girls of New York's Chel-

sea Hotel include a bull dyke who gets her kicks from shaving needles (sometimes doped) into the posteriors of *torrid* young things who come her way, a whiskey-sodden mother who sporadically beats her homosexual son with a whip while his lesbian girlfriend looks on approvingly from the next bed, a wealthy pervert who tries (in vain) to keep his young man away from the two teenagers who drop in from across the hall and offer themselves to him, and a hyped-up fanatic who beats and screams after a girl he imagines has insulted him...."

Nothing else would be needed to demonstrate the artificial, put-on nature of the so-called sexual revolution than its growing disinterest in normal sex...sex which is not gimmicked with cruelty, exhibitionism, or perversions of various kinds. Nothing is more telling, in pegging it as an *affectless* counterfeit of sex, than its wholesome and announced organic intent—wife-swapping, husband-ditching, gang-banging, and the rest—and the purposeful sexual approach to adolescents of both sexes, also with the intention of perverting them to some kind of gimmicked sex. Soon the invitations will read "No normals need to apply."

The sexual ideal of the "cool" generation is not only orgasm-without-guilt but also orgasm-without-partner. The rapid changing of sexual partners, as happens in campus-type orgies, and the choice of partners impossible to respect, or actually too young to know how to respond fully, are obvious means of buffering the sex act away from any possibility of human meaning and draining out of it any meaning it might possibly develop.

Furthermore, the three-way orgy involving two boys with a girl or two girls with a boy or screwing several other people (and maybe the dog) simultaneously under the excuse of drugged drunkenness has to lead the way to sexual perversion. It also serves to thin out and cool down the sexual charge and the sexual relationship to the point where there is really nobody involved but the drugged orgiast, whose only interest is self-gratification.

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Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. For almost twenty years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists right in their own homes.

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question What is so important about my ability to speak and write?

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence — handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life.

You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question What does a "command of good English" mean?

Answer A command of good English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation — also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question But wouldn't I have to go back to school to gain a command of good English?

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home — in only a few minutes each day.

Question Is this something new?

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question Does it really work?

Answer Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

DON BOLANDER, Career Institute, Dept. 4521

Question Who are some of these people?

Answer Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

Question How long will it take me to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question How can I find out more about the Career Institute Method?

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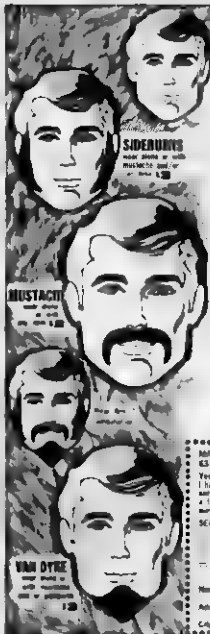
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Fortunately, it is only the minority of college students — a small minority at that — who are indulging in these meaningless but self-destructive orgies. The abuse of drugs is much more widespread on campus than is the abuse of sex. However, the two modern trends seem to work with one another to create the loss of affect mentioned earlier.

Certain aspects of the sexual revolution are all to the good — such as the growing ability of people to verbalize and deal with their sexual problems, the growing acceptance of people who are sexually different, and the increasing amount of research into sexual problems made possible by this ability to verbalize.

But it is clear that a complete abandonment of sexual morality, as seems to be taking place among certain segments of our college population, is a destructive force which can wipe out all meaning from life and love.

THE NAZIS DIED SMILING!

(Continued from page 18)

Naturally, those selected victims were missed by their German comrades. Owing to the nature of the place, most visits to Chas Joi were not advertised by those making them. The Gestapo regional chief who died in the arms of Mitsui, for instance, had sent his chauffeur back to Gestapo Headquarters and walked to Chas Joi on foot, using a side entrance so that he would not be observed. No one saw him except Mademoiselle Joi who showed him to the room where pretty Mitsui was waiting.

Heisen, waiting behind the door with the slim-bladed knife, also saw him but he never knew she was there until six inches of lethal steel had slid between his ribs and into his black, Nazi heart.

So they died, these selected victims. A Luftwaffe ace who specialized in strafing refugee columns along the roads became

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marked and died in March, 1941. His was the fifth body the girls laboriously buried in the soft earth in the ancient cellar. They followed at the rate of one or two a week. Cousin Henri warned them that this was too many and that they would be found out one day but Jol shrugged.

"We know that we shall probably be executed some day," she said to Henri, "but none of us are concerned now. All of us feel revenged against Les Boche and if we die we have not lived in vain."

By the Spring of 1944, Joi and her companions were sickened by the role Fate had thrust upon them. Those lovely hands had killed and killed again, they had smilingly lured men to their deaths, they knew they would do it again and again. They would continue, they knew, but now they were nervous and showing signs of strain. Colette had begun taking sleeping pills, then a youthful German doctor had given her other pills for her nerves and those had turned out to contain a drug and now she was a drug addict.

"The end must be soon, Herri," Joi told her cousin one night in late May. "None of us can go on much longer."

Henri too had aged greatly in these dangerous years. "The Americans and British are massing for the invasion now, cousin. In a few weeks, it will be over, I believe."

It was June 3, 1944, when the French nobleman who had selected their victims all these years telephoned Joi. It was just after dinner and the twenty-one year old madame was preparing for a very busy night entertaining German generals.

"The party you await so eagerly will take place this week," the voice told her. "Act accordingly, mademoiselle, and in the name of France I thank you for all that you have done!"

Joi thought for a time, then she went to talk with Cousin Henri.

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"It comes none too soon," Henri muttered. "German Intelligence must soon find us out. We have been under surveillance for weeks."

Joi stared at him, blanching. "The end is near then," she said slowly for she knew that any thorough search of Chus Joi would divulge the presence in the sub-cellar of their permanent guests.

"Let tonight be the last party in Chus Joi, Henri," she said and laughed aloud. "After tonight, we vanish! I will tell the girls when the time is right, Henri. Do me one favor, Henri... look after Colette, please. She is no longer capable of maintaining self control for a sustained period of time."

The Parisian *maison des poeles* did a capacity business that night. But the champagne had more of a kick than the Nazis expected and the oblivion they drank themselves into was a permanent one. None of them awakened with a hang-over.

None of them awakened.

At three in the morning, June 4, 1944, Cousin Henri carrying Colette, and all the girls, walked away from the house on Rue Faubourg-St. Honore for the last time. They vanished into the catacombs and sewers of the Parisian Underground. They became active in The Resistance, using Sten guns and dynamite instead of perfumed smiles and stilettos in a darkened room.

They lived. France lived. Nazi Germany died in that and the following year and a girl named Joi led her girls in daring raids against the Nazis wherever they were needed.

When V-E day came, their lives were empty, without purpose. What could one do who knew nothing but killing and destruction? What could an ex-prostitute-murderess do when there was no longer any need for her kind of work?

A few of them stayed in their sordid occupation, unable to cleanse themselves of the stain with which war had marked them. Some of them married after telling the good men they wed some of what had happened during the war.

Joi went to her confessor and told him of the life she and her companions had had to live. He listened carefully, prayed for divine guidance, and then offered forgiveness in the name of God.

Today, outside Paris at Bercy, there is a high-walled convent overlooking the River Seine. Behind those walls, a turreted chateau stands austere and almost unmarked by the terrible fire which gutted the place in 1940.

The gentle quiet nun in charge of the young novitiates doesn't look much older now than she did that morning when Sister Angelique died at the gates and the Nazis forced their way into her life.

If occasionally her sad, wise eyes smile, perhaps she is thinking of the girls she shared those first days with.

Or -- perhaps she hears again in memory the screams of the Nazi murderers who met their deaths justly in the house on Rue Faubourg-St. Honore!

END

THE BOUDOIR BAT- TLE OF WASHINGTON— TON, D.C.

(Continued from page 12)

as yourself I would not disappoint her in fact," he added meaningfully with a sly glance into her eyes. "I would guarantee not to disappoint a woman as attractive as you, Miss Ward!"

He laughed and moved slightly and now their thighs were touching and her eyes were very near his own. She understood his meaning perfectly and her laugh was like the tinkle of a golden bell.

"Alex, you're an evil man!" but her inflection made it clear that his kind of evil wasn't repulsive to her at all!

He drank and she finished her cocktail, then they ordered another while they discussed the matter of dinner.

"Near my apartment, there is an excellent place for steak and lobster," Alex proposed tentatively. Mention his apartment now to make her aware of the possibilities later on.

Marion Ward finished her martini and reached for her purse.

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existed!" Marion Ward said softly. "If that hostess hadn't seated me next to you, you wouldn't have made improper advances to me and we wouldn't have had all this improper fun together!"

The Russian remembered all the details and laughed, relieved to have his worries banished so easily. Of course, she had not chosen him. He had selected her, all of this had transpired only because he, Alexei Ruiyukov, had made it happen like this.

"Where is this vodka of which you bragged, lover?" Marion asked, mischievous evil glinting in her lovely eyes. "I think you need a stimulant to once again attain your peak, you understand?"

He grinned. "I need no stimulants, little one. I am a Russian. I am very strong and I possess great endurance."

The girl moved toward the desk, looking at him and he nodded, pointing. "It is in the bottom drawer, girl. Pour a glassful for me while you're at it."

He laid back, savoring the delightful languor which he felt after the dalliance with the girl. Zyronski would forbid such an event but who listened to those Security animals? Nevertheless, he watched the girl carefully as she poured vodka into two glasses. She wore no rings in which a chemical could be hidden and her purse was nowhere near. He sighed. Being a Russian in a foreign country was enough to give a man ulcers.

Marion strode toward him, a glass in each hand, her cigarette dangling from her full lips. She handed him his and he fondled her before he took it from her hand.

"Come back to bed, Marion," he growled. She fell across him, careful not to spill her drink, and they lay side by side and he tasted his vodka.

The almost imperceptible taste of the drug was apparent at once. In any drink but vodka, gin, whiskey, tea or coffee, the taste of the drink itself would've masked the chemical but this was the very finest vodka, distilled at Novgorod, and had absolutely no taste or odor whatsoever.

She sipped at hers, and he rolled awkwardly, getting one elbow

under him, half turning his back. He spilled the vodka onto the carpeted floor next to the bed, then raised the glass to his lips as though he were drinking it all down.

He leaned back as though outed and the girl's eyes met his, alert and watchful.

"It's delicious, Alex," she murmured, placing her warm hand against his hairy chest, caressing him gently. "I've had so much to drink tonight....I'm getting sleepy."

"That's her game, is it?" he thought.

"Sleep a little, *minochka*," he rumbled, "and later we will awaken and I will show you this new delight which just occurred to me."

She kissed him, then rolled away. Lying there, Rulyukov told himself he had perhaps imagined the strange taste in the vodka. Almost convinced, he lay back, hearing the girl's gentle, even breathing and he was glad that she could sleep thus, indicating a clear conscience.

He was almost asleep when the girl stirred. She was sitting up now, he knew. He felt her breath faintly on his cheek as she leaned over and then she touched him very gently.

"Alex?" she whispered. "Alex, darling, I want you to make love to me again!"

Alex did not stir. He kept breathing deeply and evenly, even when her lips touched softly upon his. Then, she placed the ball of her thumb on his upper eyelid and expertly thumbed up his eyelid, peering closely at his exposed pupil.

Then, she was satisfied. Carefully, she swung her feet out of bed and stood up. Alexei watched her through slitted eyelids and he began wishing she'd put some clothes on.

Marion Ward was no longer unsteady or fumbling. She crossed to her purse and took out a very affiant looking camera.

She didn't hesitate. The briefcase was opened, she began taking photographs of every document he'd been fool enough to take from the office. Rulyukov knew a savage anger as he let his hand find the gun hidden beside the bed.

She didn't know a thing until the bedsprings creaked under his weight and he sat up, the gun aimed right at her. When she turned, the Communist saw her lovely eyes widen, then darken with fear.

"Place the camera upon the desk, Marion," he said, his voice quiet but very terrifying. She did so. "Now, place both hands upon the desk. Yes, that is correct."

Marion Ward, as she'd called herself, stood with feet wide, leaning awkwardly with both hands supporting her weight on the desk.

"You are with the Central Intelligence Agency, Miss Ward," Rulyukov murmured as he pawed her, making sure she had nothing hidden in the very brief garment which she still wore.

She laughed, the sound cynical and harsh here in the room where their voices had mingled in love a moment before.

"C. I. A.? You are not that fortunate, my dear Rulyukov! Comrade Zyrenski instructed me to ascertain just how badly your security lapses might become. The pictures which I took should furnish him with all that he requires to send you to a traitor's grave."

Rulyukov went pale and stumbled backward. Zyrenski? If she were indeed an agent of his own Russian masters, then he was much, much worse off than if she'd been American.

"I do not believe you!" he snapped but the bluff wasn't good enough. "Let me see your identification."

The goddess strode toward her purse. Rulyukov's gun covered her cautiously as she fumbled inside. If Marion Ward produced a gun or any other weapon, she'd die instantly, but the girl came up with nothing more deadly than a leather folder, the type used to carry identification cards.

She flipped this open and his eyes widened as he saw the unmistakable red seal overlaid on the Russian text and Zyrenski's signature. He extended his left hand for it and she tossed it casually in his direction.

His eyes were on this as it arced toward him. She moved incredibly fast, slashing wickedly at his wrist. Her palm edge was like iron, he dropped the gun,

and then he was fighting for his life!

He felt no misgivings about hurting her! He managed to punch her in the face and tried to hit her again but she was a fury!

She kicked him in a vital spot, kneed him heavily in the face as he doubled over in agony, then hit him three times on the back of the neck as he fell slowly to the floor.

She was moving fast now. She dressed quickly, wiping away all fingerprints and smudges. One washed glass was put back where it belonged, then the glass he had used was placed near his hand. She closed the briefcase, removing her fingerprints, then took his limp hand, closed it around the Russian-made handgun, put the muzzle beneath his jaw, and pushed his finger against the trigger.

The explosion was loud. Worse, the bullet ripped upward tearing apart flesh, bone, and gristle, spattering it up the wall and on the ceiling. Marion Ward let his hand fall and stepped back. Her job was done.

Unhurriedly, she took her purse and gloves, stepped to the door, and let herself out. She didn't wait for the elevator but went quietly down the stairs and out into the night.

Zyrenski's man was across the street. She went out the service entrance and walked to the dark sedan parked at the curb.

The man at the wheel watched her get in and waited.

"Rulyukov's dead," she said softly. "He didn't take the drink and caught me photographing the material."

The man grimaced. This messed things up considerably. There would be inquiries and reprisals now. Perhaps an agent in Moscow would die, perhaps a dozen or more would be murdered for this!

"I showed him the forged Russian credentials," she explained. "He thought I was one of Zyrenski's assassins and he hesitated to pull the trigger. That gave me all the time I needed."

There was silence in the car as he drove toward C. I. A. Headquarters. Marion Ward was crying.

He didn't ask why.

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Brand-new surplus stethoscope is same as used by doctors, nurses, students—perfect for learning basics of the respiratory system; even detects car motor troubles; etc. at regular price... now only \$2.95.



**METAL-PIERCING
THROWING KNIFE**

Easy to throw—use for hunting, self-defense, thrills, target throwing. 10" long. Razor-sharp cutlery steel — double edge. Wrapped leather handle. FREE instructions. Now only \$1.00; 2 for \$1.85; 3 for \$2.75.

70-SHOT

**AUTOMATIC
PELLET STINGER "45"**

1968 model... holds and fires 70 pellets automatically at incredible firing speed. Peak accuracy at 40' distance or more. Smooth, safe, jamproof action guaranteed. No permit needed, but not sold to minors under 16 years. We include free ammo and guarantee satisfaction or refund. Add 27¢ for shipping charge. Send cash, check or money order. Delivered... 1.98. Extra Ammo: 200 rounds \$1.400 rds. \$2; 1000 rds. \$10.



Really works! Scientific wonder changes normal vision to amazing "X-ray" sight. You seem able to look right through flesh, see the bones beneath! Compact, cleverly concealed in a pen-sized pocket scope. Each, only \$2.98.



A sound as LOUD as DYNAMITE! A brilliant FLASH! Echoes for blocks—yet safe to use, has no recoil. Made of heavy cast iron. 9" cannon (shown) \$4.95. Big 17" cannon \$9.95. Mammoth 25" cannon \$13.95. Ammo 39¢ tube (500 shots) — 3 tubes for \$1.25.



This authentic British commando knife is now in use in Viet Nam. Razor-sharp—perfect for hunting or throwing, cuts anything — even metal! 12" long. No permit required. Free case included. Each only \$3.96 p.p.d.

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Have regular spectacle frames and earpieces. High-powered to bring action up close without distortion. Lenses individually adjustable. Lightweight plastic. Each \$1.00; 2 for \$1.75; 3 for \$2.50.



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SELF-
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Don't back away from anyone again. This popular book tells you how to defend yourself against anyone, even bullies. Many pictures showing accurate details. FREE book on strong-man stunts included. Each only \$1.00.



**100-SHOT
PELLET STINGER**

Holds and fires 100 pellets automatically. Harmless, but STINGS! Keep away animal pests. Made of high-impact styrene, 50 pellets included. Not sold in N.Y.C. or to minors under 16. State age on order. Pellet stinger with 50 pellets \$1.98. Extra ammo: 100 pellets \$1.00; 250 for \$2.00; 1000 for \$5.00.

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Please rush my order listed below on 30 day free trial. If not satisfied I may return for money-back refund.

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An Important Message To Every Man And Woman In America Losing His Or Her Hair

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness, read the rest of this statement carefully. It may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual baldness.

Baldness is simply a matter of subtraction. When the number of new hairs fail to equal the number of falling hair, you end up minus your head of hair (bald). Why not avoid baldness by preventing unnecessary loss of hair? Why not turn the tide of battle on your head by eliminating needless causes of hair loss and give Nature a chance to grow more hair for you? Many of the country's dermatologists and other foremost hair and scalp specialists believe that seborrhea, a common scalp disorder, causes hair loss. What is seborrhea? It is a bacterial infection of the scalp that can eventually cause permanent damage to the hair follicles. Its visible evidence is "thinning" hair. Its end result is baldness. Its symptoms are dry, itchy scalp, dandruff, oily hair, head scales, and progressive hair loss.

So, if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice that there is too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dry-

ness of your hair, the itchiness of your scalp, the ugly dandruff — these are Nature's Red Flags warning you of impending baldness. Even if you have been losing your hair for some time, don't let seborrhea rob you of the rest of your hair.

HOW COMATE WORKS ON YOUR SCALP

The development of an amazing new hair and scalp medicine called Comate is specifically designed to control seborrhea and stop the hair loss it causes. It offers the opportunity to thousands of men and women losing their hair to bacterial infection to reverse the battle they are now losing on their scalps. By stopping this impediment to normal hair growth, new hairs can grow as Nature intended.

This is how Comate works: (1) It combines in a single scalp treatment the essential corrective factors for normal hair growth. By its rubefacient action it stimulates blood circulation to the scalp, thereby supplying more nutrition to still-alive hair follicles. (2) As a highly effective antiseptic, Comate kills on contact the seborrhea-causing scalp bacteria believed to be a cause of baldness. (3) By its

keratolitic action it dissolves ugly dandruff. By tending to normalize the lubrication of the hair shaft it corrects excessively dry and oily hair. It eliminates head scales and scalp itch.

In short, Comate offers you in a single treatment the best that modern medicine has developed for the preservation of your hair. There is no excuse today except ignorance for any man or woman to neglect seborrhea and pay the penalty of hair loss.

COMATE IS UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

To you we offer this UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE. Treat your scalp to Comate in your own home, following the simple directions. See for yourself in your own mirror how after a few treatments, Comate makes your hair look thicker and alive. How Comate ends your dandruff, stops your scalp itch. How Comate gives your hair a chance to grow. Most men and women report results after the first treatment, some take longer. But we say this to you. If, for any reason, you are not completely satisfied with the improvement in your own case — AT ANY TIME — return the unused portion for a prompt refund. No questions asked.

But don't delay. For the sake of your hair, order Comate today. Nothing — not even Comate — can grow hair from dead follicles. Fill out the coupon now, and take the first step toward a good head of hair again.

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Male pattern baldness is the cause of the great majority of cases of baldness and excessive hair loss. In such cases neither the Comate treatment nor any other treatment is effective.

Note To Doctors
Doctors, clinics and hospitals interested in scalp disorders can obtain professional samples and literature on written request.

"I used to comb out a handful of hair at a time. Now I only get 4-6 on my comb. The terrible itching has stopped."
—A. H. M., Los Angeles, Cal.

"My hair has improved. It used to fall out by handfuls. Comate stopped it from falling out."
—O. W. C., 675 WTC, N. Y.

"My hair has quit falling out and getting thin."
—O. W. C., 675 WTC, N. Y.

"My husband has tried many treatments and spent a great deal of money on his scalp. Nothing helped until he started using your Comate."
—Mrs. R. L. B., Phoenix, Ariz.

"Comate is successful in every test you mention. Used it only a few days and can see the big change in my scalp and hair."
—C. E. H., Richmond, Wash.

"My hair was thin at the temples, and all over. Now it looks so much thicker. I can tell it."
—Miss C. E., San Angelo, Tex.

"My hair looks quite thick."
—J. J. H., Chicago, Ill.

"My hair had been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years and Comate has improved it so much."
—Mrs. J. E. Lishon, Ga.

"I've used a good many different 'tonics.' But until I tried Comate, I had no results. Now I'm rid of dandruff, and itchy scalp. My hair looks thicker."
—E. E., Alberta, Canada

"Used it twice and my hair has already stopped falling."
—L. W. W., Savannah, Tex.

"My trouble with dandruff since I started using it."
—L. W. W., Savannah, Tex.

"It really has improved my hair in one week, and I wonder what the result will be in three more. I am so happy over it, I had to write."
—Mrs. M. J. McCome, Miss.

COMATE CORPORATION Dept. 311-A
21 West 44th Street, New York, N.Y. 10036

Please send at once the complete COMATE hair and scalp treatment (60 days' supply) in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied with the results of the treatment, or you GUARANTEE prompt and full refund upon return of unused portion.

☐ Enclosed find \$10 (check, cash, money order). Send no postpaid.

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$10 plus about \$1.50 in partial charges on delivery. Save the \$1.50 by enclosing \$10. (Canada, foreign, A.P.S. 19% add 5% — No C.O.D.)

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**"Either
that
bulge
goes,
or I
do!"**



A girl can't stomach a guy with a pot belly. Especially when he's in a swim suit for all the world to see. It does nothing for her image to be associated with a Mr. Lord Belly. And it doesn't do a blessed thing for him, either.

Until now there was no simple, foolproof way to quickly trim your waist — reduce your weight in a matter of days — and keep it there. But now there is. It's Joe Weider's famous Slimmers Formula — a ridiculously easy way for a Slim Jim to trim his waistline and shape up. And for a chubby Charley to lose up to a pound-a-day, 14 pounds in 14 days.

The Slimmers Formula is a guaranteed, simple 3-part program that really works — making you look years younger. Age is no problem: yes, 20, 30, 50 or even 70, you'll look and feel like a new man — fast, or you get every penny back. This is the only guaranteed way to lose inches off your waist, hips or any other part of your body and regain that youthful, athletic look in the privacy of your home — regardless of your years. There just isn't any other way. It's so good it's endorsed by coaches, physical education instructors and physique champions everywhere.

1 THE "SLIM GARD"

The Instant Slimmer — Trims inches off your waist, hips and lower back — without dieting — without exercising.

For a speedy "Getaway" on the Slimmers Formula, slip on Slim-Gard . . . then take it easy, for while you're sitting around, watching TV, relaxing or eating, your waist, hips and snail of the back are getting an effortless "going over" that takes inches off your soft belly without your even knowing it. It hugs your body gently but firmly, keeping warm air in — cool air out — trimming inches effortlessly away! Slim-Gard works effectively for the fat or slender man. Instructions are included for the fat man who wants to quickly lose 20 to 100 pounds . . . and for the slender fellow who wants to lose only a few inches without losing weight. And Slim-Gard is hidden — no one knows — nothing shows . . . except the inches that go! You're guaranteed impressive results in 10 days or your money back.

Building a natural Muscle Girdle that holds in your waist for life is easy, when you buy one

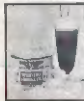


SLIM GARD
and The
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2 "SLIMMER" SHAKE

Helps You Lose Up to a Pound-A-Day — 14 Pounds in 14 Days — Without Losing Your Strength and Vigor.

If you're 10 to 100 pounds overweight and want even faster weight losses — up to a pound-a-day — Part 2 of Joe Weider's famous Slimmers Formula is the easiest and most delicious way to do it. It's called The Slimmer Shake — a scrumptious protein-enriched milkshake-flavored drink. It supplies nutrients to your body that charge it with power and vim while it slendertizes you. Even chubby guys who won't even lift a finger can lose up to a pound-a-day, 14 pounds in 14 days — just drinking The Slimmer Shake! It's the first and the best for fast weight losses . . . that's why even the world's strongest and best-built men and Olympic champions drink it to get in shape quickly.



For fast overall weight losses you should order

SLIMMER SHAKE

and The
Slimmers
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(2 weeks supply)
(Choice of Chocolate or Vanilla)

SLIM DOWN — SHAPE UP — OR IT COSTS YOU NOTHING!



**SEE INCHES
GO FAST—
ON EVERY
PENNY BACK!**

FREE! THE SLIMMERS ROUTINE

Savvy Slimming Tricks
To Shape You Up and
Trim You Down



Here's Part 3 of the Slimming Formula: the surprisingly effortless "Aerobic/Circuit" Training routine used by athletes, coaches and the world's best-built men to get in shape fast. Within 18 days, you'll instantly start slimming down — your muscles grow stronger — shoulders broaden — waist tapers down — to create a more exciting, youthful you. You need this "Aerobic/Circuit" routine NOW! — because it's the youthful-appearing man who gets and stays ahead!

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all THREE **\$17.96**
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For only

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

I am so positive this is the only simple, safe and effortless way you can see impressive results in just 10 days — Inches Melted! — Fast — or every penny back. *Joe Weider*

Trainer of the champions . . . with more than 2,000,000 successful students

NOW!—START MOVING YOUR BELT BACK A FEW NOTCHES—AND KEEP IT THERE!

It's so easy — so simple to slim down and shape up for life with my effortless guaranteed 3-2-9 Slimmers Formula. Attack your weight problem these 3 ways: (1) Wear Slim-Gard to slim inches off your flabby belly and hips. (2) Drink The Slimmer Shake to lose weight all over — up to a pound-a-day, 14 pounds in 14 days. (3) Do the effortless "Slimmer Routine." WHY NOT GET STARTED RIGHT AWAY? 10 days from now you'll be so happy you did! Don't miss out on this once-in-a-lifetime guaranteed "Get Slim" offer. Clip and mail the NO RISK COUPON NOW — while it's still handy.



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Dept. 222-T9950

Dear Joe: YES! I want to start slimming down at your risk! I am enclosing only the special low price for the plan I need to "SLIM DOWN" and "SHAPE UP." If I am not completely satisfied, I can return the unused material within 5 days for a full refund of the purchase price.

CHECK THE "SLIMMING DOWN" PLAN YOU NEED BELOW:

1. ☐ SLIM GARD and Free Course Only \$ 9.98
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